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In Los Angeles, Ram rookie Eric Dickerson had the NFL goggling at his prowess. In Moscow, Soviet weightlifters had their hands on almost all the world titles. In China, U.S. climbers get ready for a fight to Tibet and an Everest ordeal.

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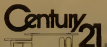
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Sideline

by MERRILL GUFELMAN

SIX-MAN FOOTBALL IS STILL VERY BIG WITH SOME SMALL AMERICAN TOWNS

I had been cruising the South Platte River valley all morning, keeping an eye out for promising dove-hunting territory. Hugging the wide, cottonwood-filled bottoms as closely as the meager dirt roads allowed, I checked dead trees and snags for birds. A fortuitous left turn over a rickety bridge brought me to a Colorado hamlet of maybe 500 souls. It was an ordinary enough village, but something—maybe the few extra clusters of people here and there, or the kids and dogs all loping in the same direction through the dusty streets—hinted that this was not a run-of-the-mill Saturday.

After a quick lunch I drove through town, away from the main highway, and followed a pair of boys on bikes to a tiny, turn-of-the-century schoolhouse. Behind it, nestled like a bright jewel in the dusty school yard, was a small, well-groomed football field. Around the edges men were placing yard markers and readying equipment. A few early spectators were filing in past the ticket takers, among them two farm women who told me the game was between this school and another 50 miles north, that kickoff was at 1:00 and, best of all, that it was six-man.

Serendipity. It's difficult to think of a more endangered species on the American sports landscape than six-man football. Conceived in 1934 by Stephen Epler, a Nebraska high school coach, six-man caught on quickly in small, Depression-draught communities that couldn't muster 11-man teams. Its popularity peaked in the late '40s, when there were teams in hundreds of villages across the nation. A decade later it was fading, and by 1982 the National Federation of State High School Associations Handbook listed only 65 high schools that fielded six-man teams, mostly in the Great Plains states. Even these remnants are variable, depending on the year's enrollment; if they can manage it, many schools go to eight-man.

I dug a jacket out of the trunk and walked back to the field. The first cold front of the fall had moved in the night before, chasing most of the doves out of the region and leaving a chilly gray sky.

continued

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SIDELINE *continued*

Cars and pickups were edging in close around one corner of the field; corn waved in fields that came up to within a few feet of the far side and the far end. Six cheerleaders were chanting along one sideline; for whatever reason, the visiting team didn't have any. The hometown squad of 13 was warming up and running through plays. The local quarterback was having trouble with his passes; after each wild off-target throw, you could hear his frustrated shouts of "Gee-aw!"

I had already decided to side with the visitors, 10 boys from a town I knew from several prairie drives, a town in the midst of federal grasslands so high and dry and lonesome that it made you think of distance by the snake-length and luxury as getting in out of the wind; a town that made even this river village seem promising. These were ranchers' sons, whose nightly football practice meant extra work for someone at home.

It was all comfortably familiar. In my home county in Ohio in the early '60s, before the baby-boomers achieved puberty and school consolidation became the rage, six-man was still viable. Those 80 x 40-yard fields are all elementary-school playgrounds by now, or parking lots, but in those days they drew people in pickup trucks from miles around on Saturday afternoons. I remember the crowds—small ones, of course—people gathered in little groups, chatting the way they do on the sidewalk after church. There were sunburned faces you saw only two or three times a year along the sidelines. Almost no one sat; the idea was to saunter along the field, renewing acquaintances.

The coaches always seemed to be men of a special cut—loud, solid and knowing, with enough flair and vocabulary to get the whole operation off the ground and keep it there. Most of those I recall were legendary outdoorsmen, coon hunters or hound trainers, men who knew what to do with their whiskey on autumn nights when the dogs struck a trail. And there were always a few crows and a herd of holsteins grazing just beyond one end zone.

Now the cheerleaders were trying to outshout the South Platte valley wind and they were mostly failing. By kickoff time, there were probably about 150 people standing around. There were two 15-foot bleacher sections of six to eight planks each. In these sat mothers with their infants; the sidelines filled up with

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men wearing either baseball caps or battered Stetsons. One official was mingling with the crowd; another was tossing a ball in the air and whistling *You Are My Sunshine*.

It was all in crystalline miniature, but it was football. The spectators were on their feet, then the ball was in the air. It was just one kickoff, but for a split second I felt something like a deep sadness. Six boys, averaging 145 pounds, in a frail huddle under a wide, cold sky bathed in cornfield light had my hair on end.

Not that the football as played was any more primitive than many small-town 11-man versions. On the contrary, there were moments of classic six-man, those tight convey-bursts of speed and execution that call to mind the best of basketball. Six-man is a sprinter's game of endurance and dazzle, 250-pounders are most useful for carrying equipment to and from the locker rooms.

Six-man rules, which allow five eligible receivers and require a "clear pass" (essentially a lateral) before the ball may cross the line of scrimmage, place an emphasis on acceleration and imagination.

On this particular Saturday, the airborne variations seemed endless. Single plays incorporating a pitch, a reverse and a country-mile pass were the rule rather than the exception. The first score of the game came on a surprise toss to the center from six yards out.

No matter that the ballcarriers for the most part ran standing straight up and that the tackling was often above the waist. It was snappy, almost cavalier, football with a one-on-one quality perfectly suited to a country afternoon. If there was any quaintness about the game, it was imposed by rural necessity. No matter in which end of the field a touchdown was scored, the points after were kicked at the east end so the ball wouldn't disappear in the cornfield to the west.

By halftime the home team was leading 27-0. Most spectators hurried to their cars to crack open thermoses of coffee and warm up. Only the elementary-school boys playing their own rattle-tattle scrimmage in the end zone ignored the cold breeze from Wyoming. At the end of the third quarter it was 35-0 and getting worse. My grasslands team

couldn't take it in from the five, and I gave up.

Driving home, back toward the mountains, I turned on the heater for the first time this season and tuned in a regional college game on the radio. Early finals were trickling in from the East Coast. But I kept thinking about the miniature game I had left. I hoped the visitors were able to get some points on the board in the fourth, but I doubted it. I hadn't seen the dropkick I'd hoped to, but that was probably asking a bit much, one might never see a dropkick again.

I felt mildly sad for the high-prairie boys. True, they were outmuscled slightly and seemed to tire early. And they were playing far from home, of course. They appeared to have serious trouble with their footing. Well, I doubt that their home field had turf as lush and dense as that well-watered valley town's.

And maybe the corn had something to do with it. Maybe those seven-foot walls of corn on two sides induced a sort of claustrophobia in a team used to nothing taller than buffalo grass, prickly pear and yucca. Maybe that was it.

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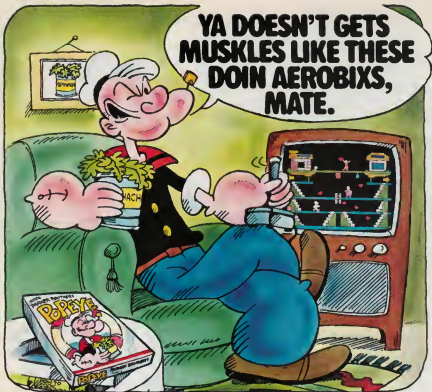
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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

PAPA BEAR

Try to think of men who are known as the father of something important, and the list peters out pretty quickly after George Washington (his country), Enrico Fermi (the atomic bomb) and Hippocrates (medicine). George Halas, who died last week at 88, was referred to in more than one obituary as "the father of pro football." Indeed, it has long been the practice to describe Halas in paternal terms. He was one of the NFL's patriarchs, and insofar as his beloved Chicago Bears were concerned, his paternity was never questioned. He was—and always will be—Papa Bear.

But Halas didn't just sire; he survived. He was there at the beginning, one of a handful of men who gathered in a Hupmobile showroom in Canton, Ohio in 1920 to found the organization that became the NFL, and he remained at least nominally in charge of the Bears until his death. He went from being the Bears' player-coach-owner to coach-owner to just plain owner, a 63-year involvement with one team that eclipsed Connie Mack's 50-year reign as the Philadelphia Athletics' owner-manager. Halas not only logged 10 seasons as the Bears' right end, but he also had a brief and inglorious fling at Mack's game, as an outfielder for the Yankees. He knew what it was like both to be run over by Jim Thorpe and to hit—or try to hit—Walter Johnson's fastball.

It was a measure of Halas' success as an NFL coach that he won 326 games, even more than that other legendary Bear, the one at Alabama. Over the years the Bears also won eight NFL titles, and their 73-0 win over the Redskins in the 1940 championship game is generally reckoned to be the most nearly perfect performance by any pro football team. No NFL team has since beaten a rival so soundly, not even during the regular season, not even the Steelers at their Super Bowl best against the Buccaneers at their expansion-team worst. And Papa Bear was as innovative as he was successful. He popularized the T formation in the pros, and it was he who introduced daily practices, assistant coaches, training camps, press-box spotters and game films. One supposes that somebody had to come up with the idea of hash marks,

and Halas gets the credit for that, too.

Halas, as much as anybody, is responsible for what millions of Americans do with their Sunday afternoons and their Monday nights. It is also part of the Halas record that the man was crusty, combative and controversial. As a coach, he wasn't above tripping rival players along the sideline or condoning an aide's use of a stethoscope to eavesdrop on an opponent from an adjoining hotel room. He gained a reputation as a skinfint, although he claimed in his autobiography that his parsimony was sometimes a matter of tactics: "Teams visiting Wrigley Field [where the Bears used to play] constantly complained about lack of soap, towels, programs. They put it down to singiness. But why not deprive visitors, if doing so upsets them?"

The Bears weren't much good in Halas' later years, and a lot of fans complained that the game had passed him by and suggested that he sell the team to someone who could produce a winner. Halas sell his cherished Bears? He dismissed such heresy the same way he shrugged off the derision that was heaped on him when he stormed along the sidelines in opponents' stadiums. He was booed everywhere during his heyday because he was thought to intimidate officials and control the league. Referring to the booing he got from 49er fans, Halas once told SI's San Francisco correspondent, Art Rosenbaum, "When they boo you, you know they mean you. Music, that's what it is. One time they gave me a standing boo ovation at Kezar Stadium. Those fans always gave me 100 percent." A lot of people wouldn't relish standing boo ovations, but Halas was different. He thrived on everything that was part of pro football, the boos included.

THIS, MR. ROZELLE, IS REAL PARITY

Officials of a youth soccer league in Council Bluffs, Iowa couldn't leave well enough alone when two teams in the under-eight division, the Nixon Body Shop Eagles and CB&O Equipment, finished the regular season in a third-place tie. Instead, because the final standings affected the distribution of trophies, the officials decided that the two teams should play a game to break the deadlock. But,

as subsequent events suggested, some teams are simply meant to tie. Here's what happened:

The playoff game ended with the score 1-1. No winner yet.

On a series of overtime penalty kicks, all 22 players—I 1 on each side—failed to score. Still no winner.

On a second series of penalty kicks there were 22 more misses. Still tied.

On a third series of penalty kicks, the first player on each team scored. The deadlock continued.

The remaining 10 players on each team failed to score. Won't somebody ever win this thing?

Another series of penalty kicks was ordered. There were 22 more misses. Still all even.



The coaches wearily agreed to decide the outcome with a coin toss. The Eagles captain called tails and the referee flipped the coin. The coin landed on its edge in the soft ground.

Although a "winner" finally was determined—CB&O won the second coin toss—the league's higher-ups had the good sense to realize that the two sides were about as evenly matched as they could be. They decided to award third-place trophies to both teams.

PLANNING AHEAD

University of Minnesota football Coach Joe Salem, who recently announced his resignation, effective at the end of this season, says he has received a phone call

continued

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from Lee Corso, who was fired last year as coach at Indiana. Corso wanted to offer some advice on how to survive after football. "Lee said it's important that you find something to do each day, like go to breakfast with Sam or out to lunch with Dick," Salem related. "But just make sure you don't go to lunch and breakfast the same day. Otherwise you won't have anything to do the next day."

SUPER WEEKEND

When President Reagan signed a bill last week to establish a federal holiday in honor of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., he may have been subtly altering the way millions of Americans will watch at least some future Super Bowls. The new holiday, which begins in 1986, will be cele-

brated on the third Monday in January, and assuming that the NFL follows its traditional scheduling patterns, it appears likely that at least some of the resulting three-day weekends will include Super Sunday. Of the 17 Super Bowls so far, eight were played on the day before the third Monday.

How will American life be affected by Super Sunday and Martin Luther King Day falling on successive days? Well, if state governments and private industry follow Washington's lead in observing the new holiday, Super Bowl-goers presumably will be able to linger a day longer in the host city without having to rush home right after the game to go to work the next morning. The TV audience figures to feel the effect, too. Instead of tuning in at home, many Americans may

catch the Super Bowl telecast at Grandmother's house, ski resorts or other holiday destinations. None of this concerns NFL or television executives because of their conviction, as NBC-TV Manager of Sports Information Kevin Monaghan puts it, that "people might go to the mountains or to the shore, but they'll still watch the game." Monaghan notes one other likely change. Because TV viewers won't be facing the prospect of having to go to work the next day, he says, many of them may have one or two more beers than usual while watching the game.

PLAY IT AGAIN, COACH

Unbeaten Castle High of Newburgh, Ind., the state's defending schoolboy football champion and ranked 12th in the nation in the latest *USA Today* high school poll, scored on a dramatic 24-yard field goal with two seconds left Friday night to take a 21-19 lead over unbeaten Bloomington South in a state quarterfinal playoff game. When Bloomington South's Mark Brauner appeared to be tackled near midfield after handling Castle's subsequent squib kick, jubilant Castle fans, believing the game to be over, began pouring onto the field. However, unnoticed by the fans and at least some of the Castle players, Brauner had, just before he was downed, lateraled to teammate Brad Jackson. Jackson then cut to the left sideline and, using part of the Castle throng as interference, raced into the end zone, giving South a stunning 25-21 victory.

All right, everybody, let's run that Cal-Stanford tape again. O.K.?

PILLOW TALK ON THE GRIDIRON

You may have noticed squishy pillow-like objects protruding from behind the necks of linemen and linebackers at football games this fall. Well, don't think those fellows have been sleeping on the job. Formally called helmet restrictors but more jocularly referred to as "rocket launchers" or "humpbacks of Notre Dame," the pillows were developed by Byron Donzis, the innovative Houston sporting-goods designer who first made news with football gear a few years ago when he fitted injured NFL Quarterback Dan Pastorini with a then-revolutionary rib protector (SA, Sept. 3, 1979). The Donzis "flak jackets" has since become standard equipment among pro and college quarterbacks.

Because they're made by hand, the helmet restrictors, which attach to the back of the shoulder pads with Velcro and metal straps, are pricey; each one sells for \$87.50. They're designed to soften blows to the head and thereby prevent one of football's most common and painful injuries, the burner, or stinger, an affliction caused by the neck being thrust violently in any direction. The pads are filled with open-celled urethane foam that, on impact, displaces air in proportion to the strength and speed of the hit. A linebacker can slowly tilt his head back over the helmet restrictor during pregame neck exercises and the pillow will fully deflate. However, in the event of a sharp hit by an opposing player, the pillow will deflate only enough to cushion the blow. "We needed to pad players so the neck would be immobilized," Donzis says. "But we don't want them to feel encumbered."



UCLA Guard Steve Williams and his restrictor.

One of the helmet restrictor's biggest boosters is Notre Dame trainer John Whittier, who has bought 17 of them for this year's Irish team. Other users include West Virginia, UCLA and a smattering of players in the pros. Not everyone is sold, though. Boston College tried but shelved them. Northwestern trainer Steve Long dismisses the helmet restrictor as merely a "bigger and bulkier" version of the neck roll, a protective item long used by many teams.

Donzis also makes a variety of padded gear for hockey, soccer, lacrosse, rodeo and other sports. One thing the firm's founder says he'll never manufacture, however, is a protective cup. "I personally test everything before it goes out the door," Donzis explains. "And I'll be damned if I'll stand there and let somebody take a swipe at me with a baseball bat or a sledgehammer."

THEY SAID IT

- Dave Casper, Viking tight end, on the difference between playing for his present team and his previous one, the hapless Oilers: "In Minnesota, I look up at the scoreboard to see the score. In Houston, I looked up to see how much time was left."
- Al Antak, assistant football coach at Camas (Wash.) High, after a 2-0 loss to Prairie High, in which a Camas punt returner ran 54 yards the wrong way for the decisive safety: "We need to start teaching geography a few years earlier."
- Gordon Hill, forward for the MISL Kansas City Comets, his fourth team in the past year: "I've had more homes than Century 21."



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1



2

In this revealing videotaped sequence, Linesman Foyt drops the puck for the face-off from which Lysiak (12) had been removed.

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 14, 1983

Uproar Over An

Far removed from the puck, Lysiak pulls Foyt's legs out from under him by hooking him with his stick as well as his left leg.



5



6



The puck slides over to the Whalers' Turgeon (16), but Lysiak inexplicably heads not for the puck but in Foyt's direction instead.

Upending

Chicago's Tom Lysiak was suspended for 20 games for putting a linesman on the ice, so he took the NHL to court, focusing attention anew on hockey violence
by **BOB VERDI** and **JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

Shortly after Foyt crashed to the ice, Referee Newell hit the books, ordering Lysiak off the ice and assessing the 20-game suspension.



Perhaps because the misdeed occurred the night before Halloween, some people in the National Hockey League acted as though it should be taken no more seriously than a trick-or-treat prank. Tom Lysiak, a center for the Chicago Black Hawks, tripped Linesman Ron Foyt during a 6-1 win over the Hartford Whalers at Chicago Stadium. This prompted Referee Dave Newell to impose a 20-game suspension on Lysiak under a tough, 14-month-old NHL rule meant to crack down on abuse of game officials. No sooner did Newell act than Lysiak and the NHL Players Association took the case into Cook County (Illinois) Circuit Court and on Thursday won a 10-day restraining order blocking the suspension; Lysiak scored a goal that night in Chicago's 7-4 loss at Detroit. Lysiak and the union argue that the punishment was too harsh. You don't send a guy to the gallows, they seemed to be saying, for soaping somebody's windows.

But Lysiak's offense wasn't some harmless bit of mischief. The incident that got him into trouble began, innocuously enough, when Foyt waved the 30-year-old Lysiak, a 10-year NHL veteran, out of a face-off circle. Lysiak had been



removed from a face-off several times by Foyt during the game, and he glared at the linesman in irritation. When the face-off finally did occur, the puck came back to Whaler Left Wing Sylvain Turgeon, who was right next to Lysiak. Here is where matters became uninnocuous. Instead of checking Turgeon or going for the puck, which would be a player's normal reaction, Lysiak moved away from the play and, with a quick and unmistakable flick of his stick and with a well-placed leg, upended Foyt, who thudded to the ice.

Foyt wasn't hurt, but Lysiak's bad intentions were clear enough that Newell called a game misconduct against him on the spot, which means ejection, and later, exercising the unprecedented sweeping powers now enjoyed by NHL refs, imposed the 20-game suspension. Videotapes of the incident left no doubt about the matter: An NHL player had deliberately and flagrantly tripped an official.

To be sure, there were those


who tried to suggest that Lysiak's upending of Foyt was inadvertent. Faced with the possible suspension of one of his key players for one-fourth of the season, Black Hawk General Manager Bob Pulford maintained that Lysiak had merely "run into" Foyt.

The possibility that the tripping of Foyt was accidental is belied not only by the evidence of the videotapes but also by common sense. NHL referees and linesmen fall very infrequently during games—as a group, they are better skaters than the players—and it would have been an extraordinary coincidence for Foyt to be innocently tripped by Lysiak just seconds after the latter looked at him disgustedly after the face-off call.

A somewhat more serious objection to Lysiak's suspension is that even if the tripping of Foyt had been intentional, the punishment was uncommonly severe. Viewed against the backdrop of NHL history, that argument is technically correct. The NHL didn't invent violence, but until recently it has surely promoted it with its fighting-is-all-part-of-the-game policy and its cavalier attitude toward game officials. When Philadelphia's Paul Holmgren punched Referee Andy van Hellemond in the chest in the 1981-82



Newell's call reflected the NHL's get-tough policy.



Lysiak was back in action after winning a 10-day stay in court.

season, he was suspended for only five games and fined \$500. The NHL came down somewhat harder when it imposed a 10-day suspension and \$500 fine on Boston's Terry O'Reilly for hitting van Hellemond during a playoff game that same season.

It was the widely held belief that the NHL was too lenient in these cases that led to adoption of the far stricter rule under which Lysiak was suspended. Spurred into action to a large degree by complaints from the NHL Officials Association, the league convened a blue-ribbon panel at the end of the 1981-82 season to deal with the problem. The panel, which consisted of general managers, coaches, referees, NHL executives and, not least, NHLPA Executive Director Alan Eagleson, unanimously approved recommendations that the NHL board of governors, on Sept. 8, 1982, fashioned into a tough policy, known as Rule 67. The rule defines two categories of violations. Category I specifies an automatic 20-game suspension for any player who "deliberately strikes... or who deliberately applies physical force in any manner against an official." Category II specifies an automatic three-game suspension for any player who "physically demeans" an official or who "deliberately applies physical force" to an official while being restrained during a fight with an opposing player. In each case the penalty is to be imposed by the referee right after the game, and the player has no right of appeal.

In deciding to take the matter of his suspension to court, Lysiak, who stands to lose about \$50,000 if his 20-game banishment is ultimately upheld, protested, "Not only doesn't the punishment fit the crime, I don't have the right to give my

side. There's no appeal. That's unconstitutional." In fact, there is a feeling in the NHL that in its commendable haste to get tough on violence against officials, the league adopted a flawed rule. Boston Bruins General Manager Harry Sinden, a member of the panel that devised Rule 67, now concedes that the rigid, two-tiered suspension procedure was a mistake. "The suspensions shouldn't jump from three games to 20 games," Sinden says. "There should be room for something in between." Legal sources suggest that Rule 67 may be vulnerable in court because it gives too much power to the ref who's closely involved with the incident being dealt with, and is called upon to act quickly, without due deliberation. Although NHL General Counsel Gilbert Stein vows that the league will defend itself against Lysiak's suit, he admits mildly, "I don't know what the courts will think. We hope we'll win."

Whatever the merits of Rule 67 on strictly legal grounds, the NHLPA's backing of Lysiak in his suit is jolting. Eagleson joined with other members of the blue-ribbon panel in approving both the three-or-20-game and the no-appeal

provisions and is said to have spoken eloquently in favor of the toughest possible measures to curb violence against officials. In explaining why he's changing his tune now, Eagleson notes that the board of governors amended the rule that the blue-ribbon panel approved. In any event, Eagleson never raised any objections to the change until last week. As for Lysiak's suspension, Eagleson told the *Chicago Tribune*. "If 20 games is the maximum, and [Lysiak] gets it for bumping the referee in the faceoff circle and knocking him down, he might as well have punched him."

The NHL might be well advised to refine Rule 67 so that, at the very least, ultimate disciplinary authority is invested in somebody less affected than the officials themselves. But Newell, the man who suspended Lysiak, had sufficient perspective to observe that "it's just fortunate that Foyt didn't land on his head." With those disconcerting words in mind, it seems clear that Lysiak was mistaken in holding that the NHL's punishment in his case didn't fit the crime. The intentional tripping of a hockey linesman surely deserves a 20-game suspension. **END**



It was after Foyt ordered Lysiak out of several face-offs that Lysiak took Foyt out.



In Boston it was no Garden party for picketing refs.

When Push Came To Shove In The NBA

With the regular referees locked out, pro basketball has taken on the appearance of height night at the fights **by ANTHONY COTTON**



The NBA season has barely begun, but already the need for some rules changes is apparent: The foul lane should be expanded to a 20' x 20' area enclosed by ropes, the hardwood floor should be covered with a mat, and the four 12-minute quarters should give way to 10 three-minute rounds, ending with a bell and not a buzzer. Also, those guys with the whistles who are filling in for the locked-out NBA refs, whose contract expired on Sept. 1, should get combat pay, and there should be someone on hand to count for the knockdowns at the bell.

In the NBA—which some people are calling the National Boxing Association—the first Tuesday night of the regu-

When Philadelphia battled with Boston, Auerbach (back to camera) really saw red.



Lanier stooped after conquering with the \$5,000 left that fractured Laimbeer's nose.

lar season brought three super heavy-weight bouts in three different rings. In Pontiac, Mich., Detroit Center Bill Laimbeer, weighing in at 245 pounds, and Milwaukee Center Bob Lanier, tipping the scales at 265, squared off in the second quarter underneath the Pistons' basket. As Lanier jockeyed for position, he elbowed Laimbeer in the face, then turned and landed an overhand left that broke Laimbeer's nose—and sent him down for the count.

In East Rutherford, N.J., the Nets' Buck Williams, a 215-pound power forward, warned his antagonist, Lonnie Shelton, who goes about 270, "Nut to night," after Shelton jolted Williams with an elbow under the Jersey basket in the early moments. Minutes later the two squared off and threw punches.

In action unit West, Phoenix' Maurice Lucas, a 238-pound intimidator from way back, and Seattle's Tom Chambers, a 225-pounder who is rapidly gaining a reputation as a pugilist, were battling fur position in the foul lane, when suddenly elbows and knees were flying everywhere. Chambers landed on the floor, Lucas had to be restrained by teammates—and Don King and Bob Arum were bidding for the rematch.

The best Fight Night in the NBA occurred on Oct. 16 during a preseason game between those longtime 15-round foes, the 76ers and the Celtics. In one main event, Cedric Maxwell, 217 pounds, had the courage to wrestle with Moses Malone, 255 pounds. In another, Larry Bird, 220 pounds, boxed Marc Lavaroni, 225 pounds. As an extra added at

traction, Red Auerbach, the Celtics' 66-year-old general manager, bounced out of the stands to challenge Malone. "Go on and hit me, you big s.o.b.," Auerbach is alleged to have said. Luckily for Red, Mo didn't take him up on that offer.

For their actions, Auerbach was fined \$2,500, Bird \$2,000, Lavaroni \$1,000, Shelton \$2,500 and Lanier—the president of the National Basketball Players Association—a paltry \$5,000.

So what's going on here, anyway?

The fact is, law and order no longer exist in the NBA—and it won't return until the league reaches a contract settlement with the 29 referees it has locked out. And the mayhem that has pervaded NBA games has, at the same time,

continued



NBA REFEREES *continued*

lowered the quality of play considerably.

"There's no doubt that we've been hurt by the fight issue," says Scotty Stirling, the NBA's vice-president of opera-

tions. "We have a problem with game control. But individually, it's hard to lay alterations off on the replacements."

Actually, it's not so hard. Granted, most basketball fights are spontaneous, but often they are the result of pushing,

shoving, elbowing and jockeying for position that occurs away from the ball. The experienced refs are able to cope with this; the replacements—who include college officials and men who normally work Continental Basketball Association games—are not. "They're not watching off the ball," says Chambers. "They're keeping their eyes on it, and away from the ball someone's getting hit in the head."

No matter how competent a replacement might be, he doesn't get the respect a regular ref does, and the players try to get away with more and more on the court. The replacements are also largely unaware of the key matchups. To rectify that, Darrill Garretson, the chief of officiating, has been phoning the subs to review the matchups in the games

Substitute Ref Jesse Hall had a Bird in hand after the Sixer-Celtic preseason brouhaha.

they're scheduled to work. Also, the NBA has had Garretson work a full load of games until there's a settlement, which may not happen for quite a while.

Stirling contends that Richie Phillips, the counsel for the locked-out officials, "isn't motivated to make a deal." Phillips has been highly visible throughout the lockout. During the Shelton-Williams dustup, he was hustling from behind one bench to the other, imploring New Jersey Coach Stan Albeck and Cleveland's Tom Nissalke, "Hey, are you gonna let them [the substitute officials] get away with that?" The next night, in Boston, Phillips and some of his referees handed out 2,000 whistles to fans, urging them to "blow the whistle on the scabs."

Stirling himself has become one of the key issues in the situation. The officials are evaluated each year, and Stirling's rating of a referee counts for 25% of the final evaluation. Coaches, general managers, Garretson and a six-man panel of observers account for the other 75%.



Abdul-Jabbar was disgusted about the upsurge in fouls.



Phillips and the refs contend that Stirling, whose background is in administration, isn't qualified to rate the refs. Aside from the usual differences over regular-season salaries, expense money and air travel, the biggest stumbling block has been the amount of money the officials will receive for working during the playoffs. The NBA has offered what amounts to a pay cut for work in the postseason—when the owners accrue their greatest revenues—from a per game average of \$1,240 to approximately \$1,130, but with more games to work. "That's like telling a worker that he's being given a raise but he has to come in on Saturdays and Sundays to earn it," says Phillips.

On the whole, the fans could probably care less about who's officiating as long as Larry Bird can be Larry Bird and Julius Erving can be Dr. J. But that hasn't been the case, which, as time goes on, could become a bigger problem than the fixicuffs.

In at least one case, a questionable call and a non-call indirectly decided the re-



The Lakers and Coach Pat Riley took to the floor to argue a point with Ken Mauer.

Even though he was in Maxwell's house, Malone wouldn't stand for any undue guff.



sult of a game. In the final minute of a contest in Philadelphia on Oct. 28, Washington had come back to tie the 76ers at 114. Jeff Ruland, who scored the tying basket, claimed he was slapped in the face by the Sixers' Bobby Jones, who later admitted that he had fouled Ruland. When Ruland objected too vociferously about the non-call to substitute Ref Bernie Fryer, a former NBA player who had failed two tryouts as a league ref, he was given a technical. Jones sank the technical, then Andrew Toney made two free throws, and Philly won 117-114. There is an unwritten rule in the referee community that says that technical fouls are never issued in the waning moments of a close game unless a player either makes physical contact with an official or utters that obscenity known to the players as "the magic word."

One person in the referees' corner is Bird, whose \$2 million annual salary will be more than the total salaries of the 29 locked-out officials. "You've gotta have good refs to play good games," Bird says. "I don't think they're asking for enough. I guess I've always been a union man. I mean, I respect the substitute officials, but I have a helluva lot more respect for the other ones walking outside with families and mouths to feed."

And how badly has the quality of play deteriorated? On Oct. 29 Los Angeles defeated Utah 120-115 in an endless game in which there were 68 fouls, five technicals and 99 free throws. "Playing out there," said Laker Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, "was like ending up in London and driving on the wrong side of the road."

Well, that's still preferable to hitting the bricks. **100**



Garretson: Watch the matchups.

It Was A Totally Mixed-Up Affair

At the World Mixed Doubles, which outsoaped the soaps, the reunion of Chris and Jimmy stole the show

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Scap Update. In last week's episode of *Estranged Couples As The Search Turns*, Chris told John she wanted to play with Jimmy, so Patti took Brett and they all went to see Bjorn hit himself in the face. Bettina, who recently recovered from losing half her hearing, joined Bjorn, and Butch, who recently recovered from testicular cancer, joined Betsy, who has a clothing line in Japan, from where Jimmy just returned. Meanwhile, John returned to his other partner, Wendy, and Andrea put down her Walkman long enough to join Roscoe, who played too rough for Wendy. Then Ilie hit Andrea, Roscoe got mad at Ilie and tried to hit him, Roscoe hit Hana, Andrea hit Ilie, and Ilie gave everyone the finger. So the questions remain: Will success spoil Aaron and Lisa? Can Adriano find a diet doc



BB-BB were enjoying themselves, until Borg required the services of a cut man.

before it's too late? Is it over already between Sherwood and JoAnne? Do Vinnie and Carling do it—color their hair—or don't they? Who's Hu? What? And if Chris and John and Jimmy and Patti and all the rest keep playing around like this, how will Brett get enough chicken McNuggets?

So it was that the game of tennis merged with the battle of the sexes once again to produce the fascinating



sport of mixed doubles, right there in Houston's Astroarena. You remember the Astroarena. Originally constructed to house the annual horse show. Now a boxing palace. Son of Astrodome, next door, where 10 years ago Riggs-King introduced modern-day show biz to tennis. Well, the second annual World Mixed Doubles championship was flavored with all these elements, not to mention a whole lot of money—100 grand to the winning team, 15 just for showing up, 400,000 smackers total purse.

Of course, moola had nothing to do with this year's star-spangled field. Oh no. You think Bjorn Borg, the famous television announcer, would leave his elocution lessons in the golden hills of Monte Carlo to come to the Astroarena, get aced by a girl and split open his forehead with his own forehand just for the big bucks? You think Jimmy Connors would skip a tournament in Stockholm, risking a \$10,000 fine, or that Chris Evert Lloyd would hazard wedded bliss to team with her former . . . what—beau, fiancé, paramour?—simply for the cold cash? Guarantees? Come on. We're talking

dedication here, gang, love of the game.

Sherwood Stewart to Roscoe Tanner: "What are you doing winning that match? Now we'll miss our tee time tomorrow."

Chris to Jimbo: "How about practice at two?"

Jimbo: "Naw, I got to go shopping."

Actually, by the time the glamour-puss pairing of Connors-Evert Lloyd had whipped Tanner and Andren Jaeger 6-4, 6-2, 6-4 in the finals on Sunday night, some serious tennis had been played, a tribute to several of the tour's best and brightest, who had dared to get into a situation that most couples of reasonable sanity have always attempted to avoid. The final confrontation, matching two, shall we say, pickup teams, would tend to put to rest the canard that

Jimmy had hoped that he and Chris would have an opportunity to play John.

doubles is a maze of intrigue demanding long hours of working together, intimate knowledge of each other's capabilities, an overwhelming sense of team. Over the long haul, maybe. But for a one-shot tournament—nope.

With the defending champions, Peter McNamara and Martina Navratilova, retired—McNamara from the game, Navratilova, as many have observed, from serious competition—the only established teams in the draw were the Nos. 1 and 2 seeds, John Lloyd and Wendy Turnbull

continued



and Stewart and JoAnne Russell, Lloyd-Turnbull won Wimbledon this year, and Stewart-Russell were runners-up at the World Mixed in 1982. Both teams exited whimpering in last week's quarterfinals, Turnbull wanting to depart after seeing perhaps three Tanner service missiles.

These upsets were hardly noticed be-

moil, and Panatta has obviously been hitting the fettuccine at full throttle. Call this team Bonnie and Wade.

Call Connors-Evert Lloyd sexual electricity. Even against such a strong repertory cast, and with Borg co-starring in approximately his 13th return from exile, Connors-Evert Lloyd was top bill. When

to Jimmy." Wouldn't it be nice if we could. . . .

Jimmy at team practice, laughing, joking, playing righthanded, shooting a few quick moos. To Chris: "You know, I'd pay you to practice with me every day." You can't always get what you want.

The Lloyds and Connorses both stayed in suites at the Inn on the Park. The first afternoon the couples visited in the Connorses' suite for a couple of hours. They mixed at a party at Sonny Bono's restaurant. Jimmy and Chris practiced every day, sometimes with John. Patti invited Chris up to have her nails done by a manicurist. Chris couldn't make it. Jimbo took 4-year-old Brett to the amusement park and the Putt-Putt. "We asked Jimmy and Patti to come to dinner one night," said Chris, "but Brett's favorite is chicken McNuggets, and we couldn't handle that. He loves that kid." Joy to the world. . . . All the boys and girls.

Jimbo used the tournament to unveil a midsize prototype racket made by Wilson, and Chris was breaking in her new Stevie Nicks-model frizzy shag cut. Nevertheless, they both performed as if nothing had changed in the nine years since they won the singles and played mixed doubles at Wimbledon and, oh yes, broke their engagement as well. Last week Connors was consistent, elegant, tough.

Good-humored fun infiltrated their matches up to the finals, straight-set jobs over Jimmy Brown-Zina Garrison, Van Patten-Bassett and Butch Walis-Betsy Nagelsen, at once the spunkiest and most obscure of all the duos, Walis having licked cancer, Nagelsen a household word only if your house is in Tokyo. C would put away a crisp volley, and J would stride off as if to say "excuse me." The two would get crossed up, leaving the court open, whereupon J would point a finger at C, crying "your fault." J did much strutting. C much giggling. Both said it was "easy," that it wasn't as if they were "strangers."

"You had a great feel for the angles," John Lloyd said to Connors after one

continued



Van Patten and Bassett defeated the Motown tots before falling to Connors and Evert Lloyd.

cause the allure of this event is the gimmicky pairings the player agents contrive: teen-scream, groupie-dream combos like Vince Van Patten-Carling Bassett, or the Motown tots, Aaron Krickstein-Lisa Bonder, or the Northwestern-Far Eastern connection, Marty Riessen-Hu Na, or Power 'n' Pull, Tanner-Jaeger. Also on hand were Fish 'n' Chip, Chip Hooper and Kathy Horvath, who's still trolling for the secret that enabled her to beat Navratilova in Paris, and Sweet 'n' Low, Beth Herr and Eliot Teltscher. ET's last venture in mixed ended with his barrage of vulgar and sexist insults aimed at Leslie Allen, a benton opponent in the French Open finals. Finally, there was the ever-marvelous combination of Bonnie Gadusek and Adriano Panatta. Though cute and athletic, Gadusek has the air of a gun

both their marriages were floundering last year, four rumors flew hot and heavy: Jimmy and Chris were sending notes to each other in sneaker boxes. Chris and Jimmy were phoning up. J and C were back. Whenever they appeared together in Houston it was as if Liz and Dick had suddenly arrived at the estate in *The Big Chill* to the accompaniment of that movie's '60s soundtrack.

Chris at joint press conference: "It can be very difficult to play doubles with your spouse. Emotional. Since there are no feelings, emotions, between Jimmy and I . . ."—smirk, glance at Connors—. . . "I'm sure we'll make a great team." *I heard it through the grapevine.*

Chris at cocktail party: "I know I gave you the room key, John. Either you. . ."—smirk, laugh—. . . or I gave it

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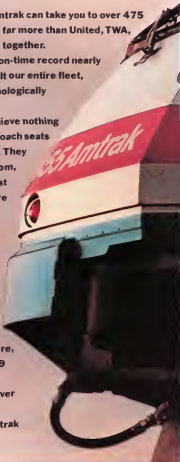
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MIXED DOUBLES *continued*

match. A few minutes later Chris told the press she would not like to meet her husband in the finals. "I would," Connors roared, pounding the table.

While the Lloyds and Connors appeared ecstatic about being together in Houston, Borg was lucky to get out of the city alive. Paired with Bettina Bunge, who has been off the circuit since undergoing an ear operation in August, Borg looked fit, happy, content—and about Top 30 caliber. "He's not coming back," Riessen said firmly after his partner, Hu Na (no relation to Sha Na), fooled Borg a couple of times and Riessen-Na lost a third-set tiebreaker. Later, against Enigma, Inc., the team of Ilie Nastase and Hana Mandlikova, Bunge played as if it were her eyes that had been impaired. Then Borg was rudely ailed by Mandlikova. "That's not the first time," Borg said. Sure, Bjorn. "No, I don't remember who the other woman was."

Early in the second set a Nastase serve took a bad bounce and Borg unloaded one of his roundhouse low-to-high discus-thrower swipes, slashing the ball off the wood high into the rafters. While everybody watched the ball's flight, murmuring "same old Bjorn, he can miss 'em just like me," Borg strolled off the court, blood streaming from above his left eye. "I have been hitting myself quite a few times," he said later. "I am not really surprised." After Borg had been pitched up, the team of Hana K (for killer) and Nastase put BB-BB out of their misery, 6-3, 6-2. "I have missed the fans and the atmosphere," Borg said, "but I think I will survive." Nobody asked if he meant the cut or the retirement, but on his next comeback Borg had best bring along Dr. Ferdie Pacheco.

It wasn't only Swedish blood that was spilled in Houston, either. The semifinal pitting Tanner-Jaeger against Nastase-Mandlikova took on the charm of a tag-team wrestling bout after Nastase slugged two overheads in the general direction of Jaeger's tender gums. The second one connected—hard. At the



When Jaeger missed nailing Nastase with an overhead, he gave her a shot at his posterior.

time, Nastase-Mandy were ahead 6-2, 3-3. When Tanner figured out that Nastase was trying to add injury to insult, he quickly retaliated with one of his laser deliveries, which nearly parted Nastase's sneer on the fly. "Was I trying to hit Ilie?" said Tanner. "Aww, that was just my long, flat one. If I can nail him from 80 feet, he's not as quick as he used to be."

Target practice continued with Tan-

ner drilling Mandlikova—accidentally, of course. Eventually, Jaeger, daughter of a former boxer, remember, took aim and sledgehammered an overhead of her own, obviously intended to render Nastase a cripple for life. The ball crashed into the tape. Nastase turned and pointed out his rear end to Jaeger. This time Andrea grabbed another ball and threw it at her tormentor. Bull's-eye. "Nastase's good for the game and bad," Jaeger said after she and Tanner rallied to win 2-6, 7-5, 7-5. "But if he had hit me in the face I would have been really mad." Not to mention, in surgery.

Ah well. All's fair in love and mixed. While Borg will remember his self-mutilation and the women players may recall Tanner's terrifying service with night-screaming, it's the sparks from Connors-Evert Lloyd that will endure from this tournament. "It was weird," said Jaeger, 18. "I mean I watched that press conference on TV, and the camera kept shooting back and forth between John and Jimmy, John, Jimmy, and all you heard was Chris's voice making cracks. Wow, weird. I don't know what the public thinks." My girl, talkin' 'bout my girl.

When she grows up, Andrea will find out. **END**



Gadusek and the portly Panatta were defeated by Power 'n' Puff.



Might be. Tretiak never looked better than he did in the 1983 world championship in Munich last spring, allowing just four goals in seven games as the Soviet Union coasted to its 19th title. When he skates into the goal crease for the 1984 Games in Sarajevo, Tretiak will become the first Soviet hockey player to appear in four Winter Olympics. He is still, at 31,

An Army

Vladislav Tretiak, the incomparable Soviet goaltender, looked frustrated. He twisted his mouth and cocked his head, genuinely upset at the question I'd asked. Some months earlier, Wayne Gretzky, who had visited Tretiak in Moscow in the summer of '82, had told me that Tretiak's desire was to play in the 1984 Olympics and, afterward, to get permission from the Soviet government to play in the National Hockey League. Tretiak had asked Gretzky if he, Tretiak, might make as much money as Denis Potvin, the New York Islanders' All-Star defenseman, whose annual salary is approximately \$350,000. Gretzky said he thought so. Now, standing alone beside Tretiak outside the Moscow apartment building in which he lives with his wife and two children, I had just repeated all this and then asked if the story were true. When Tretiak finished running through his series of faces, he said impatiently in Russian, "I told you. I cannot dispose of myself as I wish."

That was the second time he had chosen to use that phrase, and his eyes asked me why I could not understand such a simple answer.

Some people were coming now, led by the sharp-eyed Vladimir Nosenko, an of-

ficial with the international sports relations department of Tretiak's team, the Central Army Club. It was early March in Moscow, and a light snow had begun to fall. Tretiak took Nosenko by the arm as we entered the apartment building.

Tretiak glanced at me, then murmured to his countryman, "Do not leave me alone with him again."

I had been warned not to ask Tretiak about his playing hockey for an NHL team. Two hours earlier, as we watched the Central Army Club practice, Nosenko had said, "Do not ask

him about playing for the Montreal Canadiens. If you ask, he will walk out. Two West German journalists were here yesterday, and according to them and the Canadian papers, it is common knowledge that Tretiak will play for Montreal. Vladik says he never said that. He says the Central Army Club is his team for as long as he can play for them."

"How long will that be?" I asked.

"He told another journalist that this year's world championship might be his last."

Tretiak's great goaltending helped his army team win its seventh straight national title.



the best goaltender not only in the U.S.S.R. but also in the world, and when he retires, an era will end—not just for the Soviets, but for the sport itself. Tretiak belongs to the sport—not just to a team or to a nation—and is as respected in Montreal as he is in Moscow. A generation of hockey fans will never forget the things he has done in the nets.

The rumors that Tretiak would seek to join the Canadiens, who did, in fact, draft him last June, began on New Year's Eve, 1982, in the midst of the Soviet National Team's most recent tour of NHL cities. Tretiak had shut out the Quebec Nordiques and the Canadiens, two of the league's most explosive teams, in back-to-back games. After his team was beaten

5-0 on New Year's Eve, Montreal Forward Mats Naslund said, "I have never played on a team that had such a good game and didn't score a goal." It was familiar praise for Tretiak, who always seemed to save his greatest performances for the Montreal Forum: the 7-3 Soviet upset of an NHL All-Star team in the opening game of the 1972 Summit Series.

continued

Man To The Core

Soviet Goaltender Vladislav Tretiak thinks only of the '84 Olympic gold and his beloved Central Army team
by E.M. SWIFT



the 3-3 New Year's Eve classic in 1975 and the 8-1 final of the 1981 Canada Cup, to cite three. When Tretiak was named the first star of that 5-0 game, the Montreal fans gave him a standing ova-

tion that lasted four minutes. Twice Tretiak was forced to skate out from his line of red-sweatered teammates and wave to the crowd. It was an astonishing reception, surely the warmest ever accorded a Soviet athlete on this continent.

Canadian reporters asked Tretiak if he would like to play for Montreal should the Soviet ice hockey federation give him permission. Through an interpreter Tretiak said, "I would like that because the Canadians are very much like my team, the Army Club, in being many times champions. Also, it would be nice to play before such a great crowd." A photographer snapped a picture of Tretiak holding the No. 29 jersey formerly worn by Canadian Goalie Ken Dryden, and it appeared on the front page of a Montreal tabloid. When Tretiak returned to the Soviet Union, he found himself in hot water with the authorities. Besides being a national sports hero, Tretiak is a member of the Central Committee of the Young Communist League, a rare distinction. As for his wanting to play hockey in Montreal, Tretiak denied ever saying such a thing, claiming he'd been misrepresented by the Western press.

Thus, Tretiak was somewhat suspicious of my intentions when we met at his team's training facility, a drab, unpretentious building, within the Army Club's athletic complex on Moscow's Northwest side. The interior is appealing, well lit and simple. A slogan painted in red Cyrillic letters on one wall translates as: OUR SUCCESSSES IN WORK AND SPORT TO OUR MOTHERLAND AND THE PARTY. Figure skaters practiced in the adjacent rink. They, too, are

members of the Army Club's sports program, which includes more than 5,000 athletes from age five on up.

The hockey practice, just completed, had not been the mechanical, regimented affair that the Soviet version of the sport is misconceived as being. The Army Club had held an intrasquad scrimmage that was essentially unsupervised. Coach Viktor Tikhonov seldom blew his whistle. There had been no closing windprints, no unusual drills.

When the practice ended, Tretiak, who's 6' 1" and 207 pounds, skated over to do an interview with a Russian television crew. When asked about the remarkable success of the Central Army Club, which had recently clinched its 26th Soviet major league title, Tretiak answered with conviction. "Hard labor, discipline and mutual understanding between the players," he said. "This is the secret. All our working time is devoted to honest labor." Tretiak failed to mention the most important secret of all, however—superior personnel. The Central Army Club, which started this season by winning its first 16 games in its 12-team league, has the pick of all the best young hockey players in the Soviet military, which is to say the entire country, since all 18-year-olds must serve in the armed forces. If a young recruit proves talented enough to make the team, he is invited to become a lieutenant in the army and make the military his career. It is an offer that few refuse.

When Tretiak came out of the locker room, we shook hands. His eyes were clear and his smile direct. We talked briefly about the practice, then I asked him, through a translator, about his future. He seemed anxious to set the record straight. "I am a member of the Central Army team," he said. "As long as I am playing, I will play for the Central Army team. Next month will be my 14th world championship, and right now that is enough to worry about. Next year will be the Olympics, in which no other Soviet hockey player has played four times. This is very important to me. After that, I will see how I feel. I am 20 years playing hockey, and I don't want to play badly. Also, I am a military man. I am a major in the army. I cannot dispose of myself as I wish."

Twenty minutes later, on the sidewalk outside his apartment building, the snow beginning to collect on his muskrat hat and Nosenko striding purposefully to-

continued



Tretiak in bronze in his club's museum.



Tretiak collects commemorative pins in his travels, and medals for his stellar performances on the ice.





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ward us, he would repeat that cryptic yet trenchant phrase to me. It seemed a remarkable confession coming from a man of Tretiak's stature.

The apartment building is built of cinder blocks, eight stories high, dating from the early '60s. Tretiak's manner changed instantly upon entering his home. He became relaxed, proud and polite, whereas before, he had been suspicious and reserved. Tatiana, his wife, blonde, blue-eyed and handsome, greeted us at the door and immediately brought out pairs of *rapocha*, slippers customarily offered by hosts when you enter a home. As we entered the apartment, Tretiak's son, 10-year-old Dimka, and daughter, 6-year-old Irina, peered out from behind the wall that set off the kitchen.

The apartment was smaller than I thought it would be. There were two bedrooms, the kitchen, a modest living room and a hallway dominated by a huge bookcase that doubled as a trophy case. Tretiak began a tour of the premises by showing his medals, which were stacked on top of one another like playing cards. There were the two Olympic gold medals, 1972 and 1976; the silver from 1980; the world championship medals. There was the prestigious Order of Lenin medallion, the highest civilian honor awarded in the Soviet Union. Tretiak is the third hockey player to have received it, preceded by Vsevolod Bobrov and Boris Mikhailov.

The trophy collection extended into the kitchen, in which two hand-painted goalie sticks were hanging above the refrigerator. They were Golden Stick



The museum shows Tretiak in oils, too.

awards, bestowed upon the best hockey player in Europe. Tretiak had been so honored in 1981 and '82. In the children's room were still more awards and mementos—a soapstone Eskimo for being Most Valuable Player in the 1981 Canada Cup, a pewter statuette of a hockey player for Best Goalie in Moscow's *Izvestia* Cup

tournament, a Montreal Canadiens pennant glittering with hundreds of commemorative pins from his travels in Europe and North America. An Oriental-style rug was hanging on one of the walls, and in its center a saber and a shotgun were crossed below the armor of a miniature knight. On the shotgun was engraved: "To the youngest Olympic champion"—a gift to Tretiak in 1972 from the factory workers who made it.

In the living room Tretiak opened his well-stocked bar and poured out generous shots of vodka. "Vahsheh zdubraw-v'eh! (Your health!)" he toasted, drinking his down in one easy gulp. The Tretiaks live in comfort because their income is high, although Tatiana, a former Russian literature teacher, no longer works. Central Army Club players are paid a salary of \$300 to \$400 a month—twice what the average citizen makes—and they also receive bonuses for winning a world championship, an Olympic

continued



Tretiak's Golden Stick awards remain at home in Moscow, but his face is all over the place at the museum.





Tretiak's '80 Olympic mistake allowed Johnson (10) to put one in.



Although Dryden's Canadiens jersey might have fit Tretiak, it gave the Russians fits.

gold and the like. Tretiak drives a new Volga, not the cheaper, more common Lada, and the family can also do its shopping at stores that are restricted to a select few and that offer meat, dairy supplies, clothing and other staples usually in short supply. Tatiana also showed us Polaroid pictures of the Tretiahs' dacha outside the city, a spacious and elegant two-story summer house.

Tretiak turned on his color television set by remote control. A hockey game was on, the battle for second place in his league between Dynamo and Spartak, and he watched with one eye while we talked. A goal was scored on Vladimir Myshkin, the Dynamo goalie, a long clear shot from the blue line. Myshkin is Tretiak's backup on the National Team, and

U.S.S.R. game. Tretiak started in goal and played the first period. He made a mistake in the closing seconds, leaving the rebound of a shot from beyond center ice lying in front, where Mark Johnson was able to sweep in, pick it up and tie the game at 2-2. Such things happen, even to the best. Nonetheless, Coach Tikhonov reacted by replacing Tretiak with Myshkin for the last two periods. Myshkin, who faced only eight shots all game, allowed the tying and winning goals in the third period, and neither of them could be described as unstoppable. The U.S. won 4-3.

Tretiak bristled at the memory. "This was unjustifiable to take me out of the game," he said. "I felt fine. I was playing well but not spectacularly. The coach

TRETIAK continued

Tretiak broke a thought off in midsentence. "There's no way he should have allowed that goal," he said, unable to hide the condescension in his tone.

One of the greatest moments in U.S. sports history—the hockey gold medal in the 1980 Games at Lake Placid—might never have occurred were it not for Myshkin. Mention of the 1980 Olympics still makes Tretiak visibly uncomfortable. In the pivotal U.S.-

panicked. If I had been able to stay on, who knows what the outcome would have been? In the most difficult moments, I will always help the team, and the team believes in me. I will remember this the rest of my life. For me, this was a catastrophe."

But, Tretiak was also gracious. "I liked the U.S. team," he said. "They gave it their all. It was a very dynamic team, and sometimes sport is a matter of luck. Our fans regarded it as a defeat for us to win the silver medal, but it's very hard to be always first. When we landed back here afterward, we didn't want to leave the plane. But that's the way fans are everywhere." I asked if the political climate at the time was distracting, and he scoffed. "Sport is not politics," Tretiak says. "We always play the game. We were convinced we would win when we went to Lake Placid, but while you should have confidence, you should never be excessive in self-confidence."

Soon Tretiak was talking about the visit Gretzky had made to the Soviet Union the previous summer. Gretzky was there to collaborate with Tretiak on an instructional hockey film, and he had come to the apartment. "I sat here," Tretiak said, motioning to his seat. "And Wayne sat here." He pointed to an empty chair with childlike pleasure. "How much money does he make now? No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. I have seen him promoting everything. I have seen him promoting umbrellas. In Montreal, you know, so many agents came to ask to represent me. I had to smile so much my cheeks hurt. They recognize me on every corner in Montreal. Four policemen had to guard me. Seventeen thousand people came to watch us practice, and after our game they gave me applause that lasted 10 minutes. I did not know how to behave. Four times I had to skate out of the circle."

Tretiak could be forgiven his exaggerations. He was justifiably proud of his popularity in Canada. And while his skills are appreciated, by now countless NHL-ophiles have tired of the league losing to the Soviets and hope he'll retire soon. Always, it seems, Tretiak has been the difference. During the last tour, for example, the Soviets were 4-0 with two shutouts when Tretiak played goal. With Myshkin in goal, the Russians were 0-2.

Technically, what sets Tretiak apart from other goalies—his skating ability—the single most important facet to goal-

continued

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tending. He flows about the crease seamlessly. "A goalie must be a virtuoso on skates," Tretiak wrote in his autobiography, *The Hockey I Love*. "He does not stand in the crease, he plays in the crease." Tretiak's superior skating enables him to cut down angles a fraction more quickly, to set himself for a rebound the moment the first shot is stopped. And when he does leave his feet, Tretiak recovers almost instantaneously. He never seems out of control. It is not, however, technical matters that define greatness in goaltending—it's the intangibles. Tretiak has a sort of genius for his position, a love of the game, an unwillingness to fail and the absolute conviction that he is a better man than the shooter he is facing. There is something almost regal about great goalies on great teams—Dryden comes to mind—an air of domination that starts at the crease and emanates outward.

Tretiak is not the product of a superior Russian system; there are not dozens like him waiting to appear on the scene. There is not even an heir apparent. His greatness is individual and irreplaceable. Tretiak became a goalie in the first place not as a result of an exhaustive Soviet talent hunt. He was simply an 11-year-old kid who wanted a hockey uniform.

Tretiak's mother was a physical education teacher at the Central Army Sports Club, and one day Tretiak tagged along to her swim class. While he was there, he saw some youngsters in new hockey uniforms, and that night he said to his mother, "I want to have a hockey uniform, too."

The next day the club was holding a hockey tryout for boys Tretiak's age, and there were 20 entrants for each available spot. Tretiak, a fine natural athlete, was one of those selected. He played forward. More than a month went by, and still Tretiak didn't have his hockey uniform. There weren't enough to go around. So he went to his coach, Vitali Yerfilov, and made a bargain. There was still no goalie on the team, and Tretiak said, "If you give me a real uniform, I'll be the goalie."

"Aren't you afraid?" Yerfilov asked.

"What is there to be afraid of?" won-

dered the boy, more naive than brave.

After Tretiak had told this story, he spotted Irina peeking her head around the corner of the living room. He called her over. She ran to him and sat on his lap. Tretiak sniffed at his daughter's neck.

"Irina, who gave you that perfume?"

The child let loose a peal of delight-

ful reflexes I have lost. When I was young, I worked with greater psychological and physical effort, but now it is almost instinct knowing where a player will shoot on me."

On the TV, Myshkin gave up another goal on a rebound. "That is a typical Canadian play," Tretiak said. "That is perhaps what has influenced our game the

most from our many series with the Canadians. Rebound plays. You know, they must have revised their attitude over there, too. I can remember when we first played the Canadian professionals, they would take shots from the red line. Now they know they can't score from there. I think we have learned from each other."

When Tretiak does retire from hockey, he will have more options open to him than most Soviet athletes because of his affiliation with the Communist Party. He spoke of his duties with enthusiasm. Because hockey is Russia's most popular winter sport, Tretiak is a powerful mouthpiece for the Party and a role model for millions of his young countrymen. In light of this, it is almost inconceivable that Soviet authorities would allow Tretiak to finish his career in Montreal, although they have recently allowed other Russian hockey players to do just that in Japan, Austria and Finland. In Tretiak they have too much to lose.

My life is not mine to dispose of as I wish. When I first heard Tretiak say that, I thought he meant he was trapped. I was confusing politics with something bigger. He meant, I believe, that

he now belongs to the Russian people. That gives him tremendous pride and strength and makes whatever sacrifices might be involved in abandoning his dream to play in the NHL—the dream he had shared with Gretzky two years before—seem insignificant.

Before we left his apartment, he pulled the cork on a 15-year-old bottle of cognac and poured it into fresh glasses until they were brimming full. He raised his glass and smiled. "This much is important," he said. "I am a patriot."

Then he toasted our health and drank the cognac down.



Tretiak's hat trick: (from left) Irina, Tatiana and Dimka.

dered laughter. "Gretzky!" she squealed.

Tretiak laughed. "My daughter was born the 29th of December," he said, "and the New Year's Eve celebration is the biggest holiday in my country. I have never been home on Irina's birthday, and I have not spent New Year's with my family in 15 years."

He was speaking matter-of-factly, without regret. But the implication was clear. Should he leave the game after the 1984 Olympics, it will not be because of pressure from below. "I feel I play equally now as anytime I have before," he said.

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One of his blockers says that when Warner turns on the juice, he becomes Juice-like.

four-man increase in the roster size that took effect in '82, and defections to the USFL. This year the league's teams had 266 "first-year" men (a designation that also includes Canadian imports and '82 rookies who had never played because of injuries) on their opening-day squads. Sixty-five of them now are starters. Both figures are alltime highs. But while the '83 rookie crop certainly looks solid, it hasn't been as brilliant as expected, a bit of its flash having gone to the USFL. "A great draft for red-chippers," says Mike Giddings, the superscout who evaluates all the pro players for eight NFL clubs, "but not great for blues—yet."

Right now three members of the class of '83 seem headed for the Pro Bowl—the Rams' Eric Dickerson and Seattle's Curt Warner, who lead the NFC and

continued

The Class Of Their Class

Eric Dickerson, Curt Warner and Dan Marino are the cream of the NFL's deepest crop of rookies ever

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Draftniks called 1983 the Vintage of the Century. For them, the collection of college football players waiting to be picked by the pros was the finest ever. Football historians said it was the best since '73, a year that sent eight rookies into the Pro Bowl. At any rate, it was going to be one heckuva college crop.

Just how good has it been? Well, there's plenty of talent, all right. Rookies have invaded the NFL in great numbers, more than ever before, thanks in part to a



Dickerson has broken free of the pack to set a rookie record with 15 rushing TDs.



The good news for Chicago's Bears is the play of two No. 1's, Gaul (83) and Covert.

AFC, respectively, in rushing, and Miami Quarterback Dan Marino. That's where it gets interesting, because 1983 was also supposed to be the Year of the Quarterback, and on draft day Marino rated at the bottom of what was known as the Group.

The Group, a.k.a. the Big Five. They were the five quarterbacks who figured to go in the first round, giving the position the heaviest first-round overload in drafting history. Stanford's John Elway was going to be the No. 1. Everyone knew that. Then the scramble was on. Illinois' Tony Eason, Miami's Jim Kelly and Penn State's Todd Blackledge would be the next three. Choose any order. Then Pitt's Marino. At the beginning of his senior season he had rated as the No. 2 pick, right behind Elway, but 1982 was a downer for him. He seemed out of sync with the offense. His receivers kept dropping the ball. "I don't want to talk

about last year," Marino says now. "I don't even want to think about it."

By draft day he was projected as a low first-rounder. Some scouts were even predicting second round for him. "A pusher," one player personnel director said. "He pushes the ball. He's lost his throwing rhythm completely."

Elway went to Baltimore on the first pick. Denver eventually getting him in a trade. Blackledge went to Kansas City on the seventh, Kelly to Buffalo on the 14th and Eason to New England one choice later. On the 24th pick the Jets went for Ken O'Brien, a sleeper quarterback from UC-Davis. In the war room in Miami, Don Shula stared at the board in disbelief. He had been thinking about defensive-line help. The Dolphins had the 27th selection.

"I'd been hoping Marino would be there, but I didn't see any logical way he could," Shula says. "I'd seen him in the Hula Bowl and Senior Bowl. All he'd done was win the MVP in both. I had him rated right up there with Elway."

Cincinnati took Nebraska Center Dave Rimington on the 25th pick, the Raiders took USC Tackle Don Mosebar, and Marino belonged to Miami. Everyone's calling it a steal now, but at the time no one could figure it out. "What's Shula want that guy for?" one scout said.

Six months have gone by. Elway started five games for the Broncos, and they went 2-3. In game No. 6 he sat down. Steve DeBerg took over and the Broncos won four straight games. Last Sunday DeBerg went out with a shoulder injury in the third quarter at Seattle, and Elway was waved in. He completed eight of 15 passes for 134 yards and a touchdown, but couldn't overcome Seattle's 20-9 lead—and Denver ultimately lost 27-19. "In time John'll be a great one," Denver Coach Dan Reeves says. "We gave him too much all at once." Kelly went to Houston of the USFL; he'll see his first action in '84. Blackledge has thrown five NFL passes, Eason four and O'Brien none. No one wants to rush them into anything. And Marino?

Well, when he took over for David Woodley after five games, the Dolphins were 3-2; they were last in the NFL in passing and fifth from last in scoring. Ma-

continued



Shula had Marino rated high, but he got him low and has made the most of his talents.

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Benched when he found Denver's playbook hard to grasp, Elway played well Sunday.

with a 102.7 rating. He has thrown only one interception in his last 139 passes. The last rookie to lead a conference in passing was Greg Cook, when he was with the Bengals in 1969. The highest completion percentage for a rookie passer in NFL history is Jim McMahon's 57.1 last year with the Chicago Bears. Marino is currently at 60.1%.

"I'm throwing the way I've always thrown," he says, low-keying his success. "I'm reading coverages better because it's a full-time job now, an all-day thing instead of just a few hours in the afternoon. Plus I've got Coach Shula working with me."

"That's where he got lucky," Redskins General Manager Bobby Beathard says. "There are not a lot of great quarterback coaches around. Shula happens to be one of them. He took that kid down there right after the draft and really prepared him. He handled him just right. He didn't throw him in to sink or swim; he put him in when he thought he was ready."

"If you were a scientist, you'd have to run a control on this," says one player personnel director who was an original Marino knocker. "Put Marino in some-

one else's system and see where he'd be now. Then take an Elway or an Eason and put him with Shula and see where he'd be. Maybe they'd be doing the same things Marino's doing."

Marino could make the Pro Bowl by default. The major AFC competition—Dan Fouts and Terry Bradshaw—is on the sidelines with injuries. Dickerson, whose 10-game, 1,223-yard total is the sixth best in history at this stage, is a shoe-in; his 15 rushing TDs, including two in the Rams' 21-14 win over Chicago on Sunday, are a rookie record. "A great, great runner so far," says his Ram coach, John Robinson, "and his true greatness is still to be realized." The Seahawks' Warner is also a safe bet. "He reminds me of O.J. Simpson in a lot of ways," says Seattle's left guard, Reggie McKenzie, who blocked for O.J. "Same ability to cut on a dime, same knack for finding the holes." After that, the Pro Bowl pickings from this year's rookie crop look slim, unless Willie Gault or James Jones suddenly goes crazy.

Gault, who chose the Chicago Bears over a high hurdles berth on the Olympic team, has been nicknamed Dr. Gault by Left Guard Noah Jackson, "because he makes all our other receivers feel well." Gault has averaged 20.9 yards a catch and had one streak of six touchdowns in

NFL ROOKIES *continued*

rino made his first start against the Bills in the Orange Bowl, and things began disastrously. Midway through the second quarter he had thrown two interceptions and been sacked once, and the Bills had a 14-0 lead. But there he was, marching down the sidelines, grabbing his running backs' shoulder pads, patting his linemen's helmets, nodding to his receivers and telling each one to relax, he wasn't going to fold. He didn't... and he hasn't since. Miami lost that game in overtime, but Marino finished with 322 yards passing. Since the Buffalo game the Dolphins have gone 4-0. Under Marino they've upgraded their scoring from 16.2 points a game to 21.9 and moved eight notches up in the pass rankings.

Marino, who completed 15 of 29 passes for 194 yards and two touchdowns in Miami's 20-17 win over San Francisco Sunday, now leads the AFC's passers



Confined to the sideline, Blackledge has plenty of time to chew on Kansas City's offense.



three games. The Bears' other first-round choice, Jimbo Covert, has been a fixture at offensive left tackle, a rough-cut diamond who makes mistakes but still shoves people around. "When Chicago played Tampa Bay," Giddings says, "I saw him drop Lee Roy Selmon a couple of times with his hands. There might not be a stronger tackle in the game today." Jones, the big Florida fullback who was supposed to block for Billy Sims in Detroit, has been doing just fine on his own, leading the Lions in rushing while ranking second in receiving.

In San Diego, the Chargers were thinking of their four rookie defensive starters in terms of the Super Bowl, not the Pro Bowl. Cornerbacks Gill Byrd and Danny Walters and inside linebackers Billy Ray Smith and Mike Green were supposed to give the Chargers a defense that would bring them a title—much in the manner of the 1981 49ers, with Ronnie Lott, Carlton Williamson and Eric

Wright—but it hasn't worked out that way. Byrd and Walters have been doing a fine job at the corners, but the lack of a pass rush has given them nightmares. Green has been terrific as an inside plugger and run-stuffer, but Smith, the fifth player drafted, has had trouble making the conversion from stand-up defensive end to inside backer, where the traffic moves in all lanes at all speeds.

Considering the talent that went to the USFL, this could have been a truly dazzling rookie crop. People like running backs Kelvin Bryant and Gary Anderson, Wide Receiver Trumaine Johnson and Safety David Greenwood could have been Pro Bowl-bound, but we'll never know. Some scouts say that the presence of the USFL caused NFL clubs to hold onto their draft choices and give them a longer look—to keep them away from the new league. Whatever the reason,

continued

Hinton (left) is handling the blocking and Maxwell the block busting for Baltimore.





Green, a ninth-round pick out of Oklahoma State, has played better than expected at one of San Diego's inside linebacker spots ...

NFL ROOKIES *continued*

there are certainly an awful lot of rookies around—low-round choices, high-rounders ... it doesn't seem to make any difference.

The Steelers, never heavy on rookies in their Super Bowl days, added nine to their active roster, and that's after 13 made it last year. At Atlanta, 16 rookies made the club, including eight of its 11 draft choices; Houston kept 15, nine of whom start. The Bengals didn't cut any of their 12 picks in the first 11 rounds. Ten of the 12 are on the squads, one's on the injured reserve and one went to the USFL. There are 12 Colt rookies, including Left Guard Chris Hinton and Right Linebacker Vernon Maxwell, both of whom have had an immediate impact; the Colts won a total of only two games the last two seasons, but after beating the Jets 17-14 Sunday, they were 6-4 and challenging first-place Miami (7-3) in the AFC East.

In terms of blue-chip quality, though, it's hard to match the 1973 rookie group, when Ray Guy, Greg Pruitt and Isaac Curtis made the AFC Pro Bowl squad, and Charle Young, Tom Wittum, Nick Mike-Mayer, Chuck Foreman and Wally Chambers the NFC team. Future All-Pros from that year included John Hannah, Joe DeLamielleure, Jerry Sisemore, Drew Pearson, Leon Gray, Bert Jones, Fouts, Ron Jaworski, Ous Armstrong, Terry Metcalf, Harvey Martin,

Cody Jones and Brad Van Pelt. One exotic note: On the 17th round of that '73 draft, the Vikings picked the guy who would become the richest athlete of them all, a basketball- and baseball-playing tight-end projection from the University of Minnesota named Dave Winfield.

Before '73, the most famous NFL

rookie crop probably was the one in 1965. That year George Halas turned the Bear draft over to an assistant, George Allen, and Allen promptly chose two Hall of Famers, Dick Butkus and Gale Sayers, and later on also grabbed Michigan State's Dick Gordon, who wound up a Pro Bowler and the Bears' fourth-lead-

continued



... but that can hardly be said for Smith, a No. 1 choice who has had his troubles.



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Preview Of Coming Attractions

With the major bowl and college All-Star games still to come, this is how NFL scouts rank the best prospects for the 1984 draft. The consensus is that the upcoming crop is fair. It's as good as 1983's, better than 1982's, with a lack of top runners after Frazier. The top dozen, with scouts' comments:

Player & Rank	Height & Weight	40 Speed
1. MIKE ROZIER, HB, Nebraska <i>A slasher. Billy Sims-Freeman McNeil type. Won't run away from many people but will run over a few.</i>	5' 10", 211	4.64
2. STEVE YOUNG, QB, Brigham Young <i>Could be first player picked, depending on how badly Houston or Tampa Bay needs a QB. Precision passer rather than gunner. Terrific athlete, superior runner.</i>	6' 3/4", 195	4.55
3. JAYNO FRYAR, WR, Nebraska <i>Great runner after the catch, with linebacker toughness. "Mr. Individual," one scout says. "Everyone wears red sweat; he wants to wear blue."</i>	5' 11 3/4", 195	4.43
4. DEAN STEINKUHLER, G-T, Nebraska <i>Now you know why Nebraska is No. 1. Some scouts call him the finest offensive line prospect since John Hannah. Great feet, coordination and drive-blocking explosion.</i>	6' 3 3/4", 270	4.85
5. REGGIE WHITE, DT, Tennessee <i>Played a four-point stance, "contain" style, as a junior, but now that he's free to read and react he has come into his own.</i>	6' 4 3/4", 274	4.92
6. BOOMER ESIASON, QB, Maryland <i>A raw talent. Longsighted under former Coach Jerry Claiborne, but Bobby Ross's pro-style offense is made to order for his freewheeling game.</i>	6' 3 3/4", 205	4.88
7. CARL BANKS, LB, Michigan State <i>Earlier knee injury is O.K. now. Probably projected inside. A supreme run-stuffer.</i>	6' 4 1/2", 235	4.81
8. KENNY JACKSON, WR, Penn State <i>Game-breaking potential. Particularly effective on crossing patterns.</i>	5' 11 1/2", 180	4.52
9. WILBER MARSHALL, LB, Florida <i>Hugh Green Jr. will be somebody's designated right-side tackler.</i>	6' 3/4", 227	4.65
10. GARY ZIMMERMAN, G, Oregon <i>Nice-sounding name. Speed and great athletic ability. Appears less at 265.</i>	6' 4 1/2", 265	4.84
11. BILL MAAS, DT, Pittsburgh <i>Roughhouse, barreling type who looks like he'll be wearing an NFL uniform for 10 years.</i>	6' 4 1/2", 270	5.15
12. RICK BRYAN, DT, Oklahoma <i>Quickness, great determination and ball-pursuit instincts. May go outside to DE in the pros.</i>	6' 3 3/4", 260	4.85

ing alltime receiver. Who says Allen doesn't know how to draft? Across the board the '65 group was blue chip all the way—Joe Namath, Craig Morton, Jim Nance, Ken Willard, Mike Curtis, Fred Biletnikoff, Otis Taylor, Jethro Pugh, Chris Hanburger.

Two earlier groups of rookies stand out from the days when drafting was less scientific. The class of '57 produced such stars as Jim Brown, Jim Parker, Sonny Jurgensen, Len Dawson, Paul Hornung, John Brodie and the late Willie Galimore. And 1952 will be remembered as the great West Coast invasion, when three Pacific Coast running backs, Ollie Matson, Frank Gifford and Hugh McElhenry, all began careers that would end in the Hall of Fame. Seven Hall of Famers, total, emerged from that '52 rookie contingent—Gino Marchetti, Bill George, Night Train Lane and Yale Lary, in addition to the West Coast trio—making it, for top of the line quality, the bluest of all the blue-chip classes.

There are teams that can put their finger on a specific rookie group and say, "This is the one. This did it for us." The Steelers got five Pro Bowlers in '74, the final push into their Super Bowl years and the topper in a six-year period during which they added 14 players who eventually made the Pro Bowl, including six from the class of '71. The Redskins say the '81 group, which brought them three of the Hogs who block for John Riggins (Mark May, Russ Grimm and Joe Jacoby), plus pass-rusher Dexter Manley and Wide Receiver Charlie Brown, was the key to their Super Bowl triumph. Redskin historians recall that one of the more unusual drafts in history belongs to their club. On their first two choices in 1964 they selected the players who would become the NFL's alltime career leaders in receptions and interceptions, Charley Taylor and Paul Krause.

How well does this class of '83 measure up? Well, check back in a decade or so, when Marino is staring down his whiskers at some youngster who wants his job, when Dickerson and Warner are trying to squeeze some more mileage out of old and battered legs, when Willie Gault has lost a step or two and the new Transworld Football League, based in Tokyo, is threatening to sign the class of '94 en masse. By then we'll have it all sorted out.

END

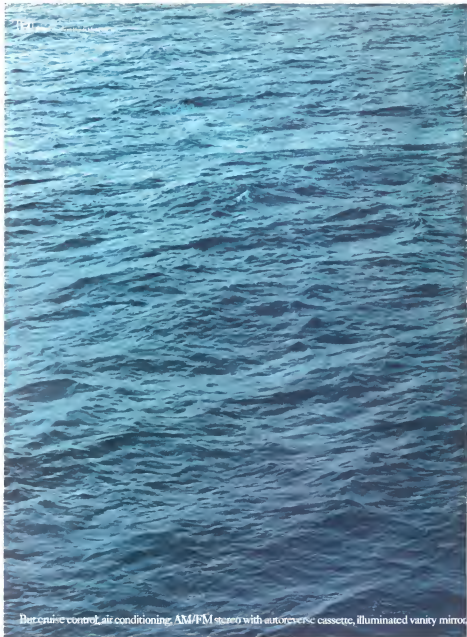
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The Steve And Gordon Show

When Steve Young, BYU's nonpareil passer, isn't threading the needle to buddy Gordon Hudson, they give it to each other **by JACK McCALLUM**



Young and Hudson could be the best quarterback-light and tandem in NCAA history.

Have you heard the story about the Brigham Young quarterback? Yes, you probably have. You've probably heard many of them. But sit back because here's another. It might be the best yet.

The current model is Gifford Nielsen—nice and Jim McMahon—brash. He looks like a fullback and was recruited as a defensive back. He throws the football, plays tennis and eats and writes left-hand-

ed—thus a recent feature story about him in *Lefty* magazine—but he shoots basketballs and plays golf righthanded. He's taking a beginning piano course at BYU because "I refuse to be musically ignorant." In the pocket he looks like Kenny Stabler, dancing on little cat feet and aiming quick darts over the middle, and he runs like Tony Dorsett once he's out of it.

His brother, Mike, who's on a Latter-

Day Saints mission in Honduras, may be good enough to be the BYU quarterback next season. His father was so tough that when he played for the Cougars in the 1950s, he was called Grit. His great-great-grandfather was Brigham Young. The Brigham Young.

How good is he? "[BYU Coach] LaVell Edwards may not admit this," says

continued

Gil Brandt, the Dallas Cowboys' vice-president of player personnel, "but I think he's the best they've had there. And he's the most accurate passer I've ever seen. Period." Exclamation point.

The quarterback's best friend, meanwhile, has caught more passes (178) for more yards (2,484) than any tight end in college history. He also holds the tight-end record for most yards in a single game (259 against Utah in 1981). Further, with three more touchdown receptions he'll break the NCAA career mark (24) for tight ends in that department, too. Says Redskin General Manager Bobby Beathard, "He may not be the big blocking type you're looking for, but as a receiver he's got it all."

Their names are Steve Young and Gordon Hudson, respectively. No quarterback-tight end combo in recent years has worked so well for so long, not Mark Herrmann and Dave Young at Purdue (who combined for 67 completions in 1980), not Todd Dillon and Darren Long at Long Beach State (68 in '82), not even McMahon and Clay Brown at BYU (48 in '80). When Young and Hudson finish their college careers after the Holiday Bowl in December, in all likelihood they will have combined for more than 130 re-

ceptions in two years, making them arguably the best college quarterback-tight end tandem in history.

The only reason their final total won't be closer to 150 is that Hudson missed half the San Diego State game on Oct. 22 with a concussion, as well as half the Utah State game on Oct. 29 and all of last Saturday's 31-9 win over Texas-El Paso with sprained ligaments in his left knee. He's expected to play this week against Colorado State. Still, Hudson has 44 receptions this season. He caught 67 passes both as a sophomore, when McMahon was throwing to him, and last year, when Young was his quarterback.

As for Young, he leads the country in pass efficiency, the crazy-quilt NCAA statistic that's supposed to separate the best throwers from the dump-off artists. This year he has converted 251 of 359 passes (70%) for 3,323 yards, which comes out to 369.2 yards per game and 9.26 per pass attempt. He has thrown 25 TD passes and just eight interceptions. In 1982 Young hit an NCAA-record 22 straight throws over two games, and this year he completed an NCAA single-game-record 18 consecutive passes during a 46-28 victory over Air Force. When Young is finished, he'll nestle

somewhere among the top 10 alltime most efficient passers, a category that's dominated by his predecessors at BYU.

Moreover, with 4.5 speed Young may be the country's premier running quarterback. An outstanding offensive line has helped—Young has been sacked only 16 times—but just as important has been his sense of when to stay in the pocket and when to scramble. His passing and running—he has netted 418 yards on the ground—have made him the nation's total offense leader by a ridiculous 118.7 yards per game with a 415.7-yard average. Without Nebraska Running Back Mike Rozier in the picture, Young would be as strong a Heisman candidate as anyone. Brandt, among others, considers Young or Rozier the likely No. 1 pick in the '84 draft.

Tall (6' 4") and rangy, with unstylishly short brown hair, Hudson could be on a Latter-Day Saints recruiting poster. He married his high school sweetheart, the former Mindy Carr, in July '82, and they live in an apartment off campus. Mindy is pregnant with the first of what they hope will be several children. Though serious about his role as young husband and soon-to-be father, Hudson is a lot looser about other things, such as his studies. "I just tend to get by on my natural smarts," says Hudson, who will probably graduate a semester late with a degree in physical education. "I'm not proud of it; that's just the way it is." As part of BYU's homecoming festivities before the New Mexico game, Hudson finished first in a campus jalapeño pepper-eating contest by consuming 13.

Young, who was best man at Hudson's wedding, is only a shade over six feet and carries a well-muscled 198 pounds. He has curly black hair, a way with women and a certain Eastern swagger, as befits a kid from what he calls "the low-rent district of Greenwich, Conn."—if there is such a thing. He has a girl friend in California but says, "Put down that I'm free." O.K., he's free. Young has no marriage plans at this point, which bothers Hudson, who thinks his buddy is much too

continued



After Hudson (left) and Young got fired up for New Mexico, the Cougars burned the Lobos 66-21.

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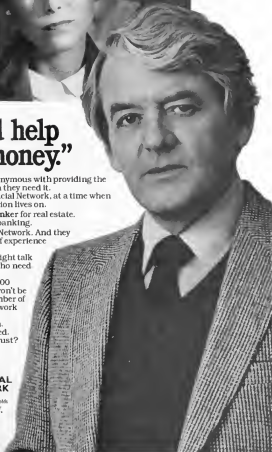
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cavalier about his female friends. Young chauffeurs his dates around in a beat-up '65 Oldsmobile with more than 200,000 miles on it, "not counting the times he's turned the odometer back," says Wide Receiver Mike Eddo.

Young was raised a Mormon, and he abides by the church's tenets on smoking and drinking, but he swears, though not obnoxiously. Unlike Hudson, he's an intense student. He almost graduated early, in seven semesters, despite a double major in finance and international relations. Last month the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame selected Young as one of its 11 Division I-A scholar-athletes for 1983. Law school lies somewhere in his future.

A more polite athlete than Young has yet to appear on the interview horizon, but he's by no means a vanilla personality. He's popular with the other players and has a quick wit, particularly when he's jousting with Hudson. No pair of teammates, in fact, has ever forged more achievement out of more bickering. Women, studies, sports, attitudes—you name it, they fight over it. "A nice conversation between us is an argument," says Young. When they roomed together as sophomores, they even fought over who would answer the phone. "We'd sit there yelling at each other until the damn thing stopped ringing," says Young.

In truth, though, the verbal gymnastics only mask their mutual affection. "We can get in a knockdown, drag-out argument and forget about it as soon as one of us convinces the other," says Hudson.

"Usually, I'm the one who lets myself be convinced," says Young. "He's a hundred times more stubborn than me. But he's right. We can forget about it. There's no tension between us at all afterward."

Which is fortunate, because much of BYU's success—the 8-1 Cougars are ranked No. 8 by SI and are steaming toward their eighth straight Western Athletic Conference title—has been carved out of off-the-field discussions between Young and Hudson. Hudson talks about feeling "connected" to Young during a game, almost as if "a line" existed between him and his quarterback. That feeling didn't just happen. "We do a lot of mental work together," says Hudson. "We'll go over what I should do if he



Last month Young watched Hudson become BYU's jalapeño pepper-eating champion.

scrambles a certain way. If I feel a guy will be on my inside, for example, I'll tell Steve that I'll do an inside pressure step, fake outside, then go back inside. Most everybody else would just stay outside. See, we don't do the usual thing."

Rarely does any BYU receiver "do the

usual thing." Many of the patterns run by Hudson and wide receivers Kirk Pendleton (41 catches) and Eddo (21) are "option routes," that is, they have to read the defense before making their move. One basic pattern can be run three or four different ways, and Hudson, in particular, has become a master at making the right decision. "Gordie is unusual in his total knowledge of our offense," says Receiver Coach Norm Chow, who calls the plays on game days. "As a staff we are more than willing to listen to his suggestions."

The give-and-take on the Cougar practice field is unusual in college ball. During a recent workout, for example, Quarterback Coach Mike Holmgren asked Chow what pattern should be run against a certain type of man-to-man. "Comebacks," said Chow. "I think corners might work better," said Pendleton. "Make it corners then," said Chow. A few minutes later, Young and Hudson were working on a new quick route to the outside. Hudson caught the ball but told Young, "A little too fast. Slow it down just a count." They probably argued about it later, but Young slowed it down.

"The big difference with our offense is that so much is expected of the receivers here," says Young. "At other places they aren't called upon to make the decisions they have to make here. But I'll say this, too. If I don't know what I'm doing, we're beat. It's impossible for us to win if the quarterback has a real bad game. That's just a fact."

It is a fact. Just repeating one of Chow's pass plays in the huddle is an ar-



Hudson has hauled in more passes for more yards than any college tight end in history.

duous mental exercise. A typical call: "Red, right, switch, zig, 62, z-corner, h-arrow and up." "Red" is BYU's basic formation, indicating two backs in a pro set. "Right" informs the tight end to line up on the right side. "Switch" tells the wide receivers their alignment. "Zig" is the motion call, in this case the flanker (the z man) going ("ing") toward the ball. (Had the call been "zack," the flanker would have gone in motion away from the ball, while "zorro," tells him to go away and then return.) "Sixty-two" is the basic play call, which gives all five eligible receivers their routes, but they can be changed, too. In this case "z," the flanker, would run a corner, and "h," the halfback, would run an arrow-and-up. Get the picture?

The BYU attack may not have sprung full-blown from Edwards' mind, but he deserves most of the credit. "I've heard some people who've left here try to take credit for the offense," says Holmgren, "but we've had different coordinators, different quarterback coaches, different quarterbacks and different receivers. The only constant has been LaVell Edwards."

"There aren't any geniuses around here," says Edwards, 53, a low-key sort who slouches around practice in a golf hat and lets his assistants do most of the yelling. "My philosophy is that you can't do it all, and you have to make up your mind what you're good at. We have a great athlete in Steve Young, so we could probably be very successful running the option. But we don't want to run the option, so we don't waste time practicing it. We're a drop-back passing team, and that's what we're going to work on."

And work on harder than any team in college football. The Cougar quarterbacks, Young included, have had trouble with sore arms because they throw the ball so much—maybe 200 times—in practice. Occasionally, BYU finds time to work on its alleged ground game. The Cougars have a grand total of four running plays: draw, draw-trap, off-tackle and sweep. Surprisingly, they've worked

well enough at times, such as in the 37-35 defeat of UCLA on Oct. 1, when the Cougars gained 265 yards on the ground. "They had seven men playing deep," says Young. "We had to run."

What's eye-catching about BYU's passing drills is how infrequently the ball touches the ground when Young is throwing. That's what captured Brandt's attention when he watched a Cougar practice last year. "Young simply refuses to throw a bad pass," says Brandt.



Young is representing his great-great-granddaddy well.

"That's not the case everywhere you go. Even some good quarterbacks throw it all over the place once in a while. Not Young. Can Hudson catch a bad ball? I don't know. He's never had to do it."

Hudson hardly foresaw such heroics from his pal on the day he met Young, when both were freshmen. "Here's this guy who's built like a fullback and he's wearing these strange high-topped shoes," recalls Hudson with obvious glee. "The first time he goes back to pass he stumbles and falls on his butt. I said to myself, 'What is this guy, a walk-on?' He looked ridiculous."

And Young felt ridiculous after spending the first few weeks on the scout team. A wishbone and veer quarterback at Greenwich High, he didn't attract anyone's attention as a thrower. Young called home and said he was thinking about quitting and coming back to Connecticut. His father replied in a manner worthy of a guy named Grit: "You can quit, but you can't come home." Young gradually improved while quarterbacking the jayvee team, but Edwards still planned to switch him to safety in his sophomore year.

That might've happened had Ted Tollner, BYU's quarterback coach at the time and now the head coach at USC, not seen Young throwing in the field house in January after the season. Young's quick release caught Tollner's attention, and he suggested that Young be kept at quarterback. Edwards took Tollner's suggestion, and Young won the backup job. He learned under McMahon as a sophomore before becoming a starter last year.

Hudson didn't walk through the gates of BYU on a red carpet either. He was recruited mainly because of the athletic skill he showed as a basketball player, and the coaches at first thought they might play him at linebacker if he didn't workout at tight end. He did. As a sophomore, Hudson caught 33 passes from McMahon in the Cougars' final three games, and a star was born.

Grabbing 67 passes for the second straight season earned Hudson consensus All-America honors last year. He has worked particularly hard in the weight room, getting up to 235 pounds, and he says he has improved his blocking. The scouts hope so, because his blocking remains the one question mark about his pro future. "Well, Gordie may be stronger," says Young, "but you still see this guy with his shirt off and you think, 'This is an All-America!'"

As for the future, Hudson says, "We're thinking about telling the pros that we're a package deal. Can't have one without the other." Certainly, most any team would want both, or either. 100

As beautifully photographed, as beautifully acted, as well-intentioned as *All the Right Moves* is, it's seriously flawed. That's too bad because *All the Right Moves* should not be written off as just another teen-age exploitation flick, a *Gidget* Goes to the Gridiron. It's some of that, but it seeks to be more, so

'Right Moves' goes wrong

A high school football flick scores points but not enough to triumph

by Frank Deford



Penn (left) may have a boyish face, but Cruise (center) is an actor beyond his years.

that all the standard classroom antics, the parked-car fumbling and the I'll-respect-you-laters, even the rather lackluster choice of rock tunes, might be forgiven. What *All the Right Moves* can't be absolved of is failing to understand its pivotal character—a high school football coach—and, more's the pity, for altogether mangling the coach's relationship with the movie's leading player.

This is sad because for generations the high school coach has been a crucial figure for millions of American boys, one who has had no less telling an influence upon the scions of Groton than upon the sons of steelworkers in Aliquippa, Pa., which is where this film was researched. Given the quasi-military nature and ceremonial trappings of his sport, it's the high school football coach who has had the most important impact upon these straining young lives. And that's what makes it so disappointing that *All the*

Right Moves's Coach Nickerson is such an ill-defined character.

Nickerson is consumed by ambition. He's a martinet who yanks his players about by the face mask, calls them cowards and quitters when they err and makes them bark like dogs. But as unpolite a figure as the coach is, it's still impossible to understand why he acts as he does toward Stef Djordjevic, his senior cornerback. And this relationship is the very heart of the film.

Stef, played compellingly by Tom Cruise, is clearly a coach's dream. He's a bright student, brimming with maturity and perspective: He seeks to use a football scholarship to get out of the mill town and become an engineer because he realizes that "a 5' 10", 175-pound white cornerback" has no long-term future in the game. Moreover, Stef is tough as nails but gentle with his lovely girl friend, loyal to his pals and a stalwart of good humor

and inner strength—and he wears a crucifix around his neck. Woody Hayes would have loved this kid. Yet Nickerson cannot abide Stef, because occasionally on crossing patterns the cornerback goes for the man instead of the ball. That, apparently, is the whole conflict.

All the Right Moves suffers from herky-jerky direction, and as the movie bumped along I kept thinking that whole scenes must have been dropped by mistake. It's such a curious film: so tattered in the middle, yet with all the edges so well knit. How easy it would have been to be gratuitous with the camera—the cliché smokestacks, the central-casting ethnics. But never. And the actors surmount the script. As Nickerson, Craig T. Nelson gives us glimpses of what the coach could have been. Nelson, who played the father in *Polytechnic*, has the face God made just before He got William Hurt right. As for Cruise, he may be a brooding heartthrob type for the teenagers, but, as he showed in *Risky Business*, he's also a young actor of consequence.

The rookie director of *All the Right Moves*, Michael Chapman, has previously been acclaimed for his work as a cinematographer, and it certainly shows. In Brian, Stef's best friend, played by Christopher Penn, Chapman gives us that wonderfully contradictory vision of young American football players: baby-faced boys so vulnerable except, suddenly, when they're armored and helmeted, warriors between the sideline stripes. The one long football sequence is also splendid sports photography, notwithstanding the idiotic denouement.

Like so many sports movies, this one has a foolish title—not to sound too jocky—and it tries to do too many things: a bit of fast times at Steel Mill High, a bit of rock-'n'-roll, a bit of young Cruise brooding and disrobing. Punch all the tickets. Alas, we've had all sorts of movies about high school boys and their girls, high school boys and their sidekicks, high school boys and their fathers. We've never had one about that hopelessly bitter-sweet relationship between a high school boy and his coach. This one could have been that, but it missed the mark. **DND**

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Rice caught his 91st pass of '83 against Alcorn with hands toughened from laying bricks.



He's the catch of the year

Mississippi Valley State's Jerry Rice is a record-breaking wide receiver

by Jaime Diaz

Jerry Rice's hands are big, thick, rough, the kind that convey power even in a gentle introductory clasp. And when people describe one of Rice's catches, they usually finish the simulation with a kind of space age schhooooop that cuts off as the imaginary pigskin is sucked neatly into form-fitting fingers.

Gloster Richardson, Rice's receiving coach at Mississippi Valley State, lived by his hands for 10 years in the AFL and NFL. Today they are adorned with two Super Bowl rings from victories in 1970 and '72 with Kansas City and Dallas, respectively. Richardson's admiration for

ord. Rice had a statistically superb four-reception, one-touchdown performance in a 42-14 trouncing of Alcorn State on Saturday, but after it he still owned four Division I-AA marks: most career catches, 187; most yards in a season, 1,304 (this year); most yards in a game, 279 against Tennessee State in 1982; and most catches in a game, 24 on Oct. 1 in a 31-28 loss to Southern U. In that game, several more Rice receptions were nullified because of penalties.

Rice and his quarterback, Willie Totten, who leads Division I-AA in passing efficiency, have paced the Delta Devils to a 6-2-1 record. A win this week over Tennessee State would mean that Mississippi Valley would finish with its best mark since 1956 and move the Delta Devils a step closer to their first Division I-AA playoff berth.

Rice has been called World by teammates ever since Coach Archie (Gunslinger) Cooley suggested last year that Rice could "catch a BB in the dark." Rice's average reception is good for more than 14

yards and typically comes after a smooth series of intricate cuts that free him from double and even triple coverage. "You've got to get rid of the first man, run the pattern on the second man and take the ball away from the third man," Rice says.

The 6' 3", 205-pound Rice, who's blessed with 4.45 40-yard speed and unusual jumping ability, strength and toughness, already ranks as one of the best receivers ever to play in the SWAC—no small accomplishment considering that the conference alumni include Otis Taylor, Charlie Joiner, Harold

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Jackson, Harold Carmichael, Sammy White and Trumaine Johnson, to name a few. Some pro scouts think Rice has the ability to be better than all of them.

"He has developed such concentration and field sense, and his routes are so precise," says Richardson, who favorably compares Rice to Taylor, Richardson's old Kansas City Chiefs teammate. "Plus, he comes across the field with so much intensity, guys seem like they are getting out of his way."

As did Taylor, Rice does some of his best work after he catches the ball. "I like to deliver a blow," he says of fighting fire with fire in a conference—SWAC?—known for its fierce hitting. "I'm always looking to turn it upfield and run over some people."

Rice, a self-contained 21-year-old, is slightly uncomfortable with his growing fame. But although he's reticent in public, as one of the Delta Devils' captains he speaks up and commands respect. On the rollicking 120-mile bus ride home after the win over Alcorn, Rice's wish to express an opinion caused some teammates to silence a group of revelers with shouts of "World talking! Listen up!"

This fall, inspired by the University of Houston's basketball team, which called itself Phi Slamma Jamma. Rice named Mississippi Valley's wide receiver corps Phi Loo-kum Jukum. Cooley builds his offense around this fraternity. His motto is "The fastest way between two points is to fly," and he knows a wide-open attack is a recruiting plus. At a school with only 2,580 students in a state that provides meager funds for education, he needs all the help he can get. So, Cooley carries 17 pass receivers on his team.

Mississippi Valley State, which was founded in 1950, lies on a former cotton patch in the middle of Itta Bena (pop. 2,901). Itta Bena, approximately 80 miles north of Jackson, means "home in the woods" to the Choctaw, and the school still isn't out of the woods financially. Cooley has only four assistant coaches and a \$162,000 football budget. While the Mississippi Valley colors are Yuletide green, red and white, the players could surely use some new uniforms for Christmas. This year, Cooley purchased some green cotton sweatsuits, which the Delta Devil players, not accustomed to such luxuries, proudly wear everywhere.



Life isn't fancy at Mississippi Valley, but the football is, thanks to the Gunslinger.



"These guys are not from middle-class backgrounds," says Cooley, a 1959 All-America center and linebacker at Jackson State. "A lot of them are from sharecropper families that just live day to day. They don't know disappointment because they never had anything. This is their chance to achieve something."

Rice's father, Joe Nathan, is a brick mason in Crawford who expected his six sons to help him when they weren't in school. "I got used to hard work early," says Jerry, the third youngest in a family of eight children. "It made my hands rough, but it made me strong."

His mother, Eddie B., says football

success has had little effect on Jerry. "He never gave anyone any trouble," she says. "He was always quiet, but he loved his bullplaying. He has worked hard at everything he's done all of his days."

By the time he reached high school Rice realized he had football talent, but even after making 80 catches and scoring 35 touchdowns his senior season at tiny B.L. Moor High School in Crawford, he received only a few scholarship offers. His older brother, Tom, who had played for Jackson State, advised him to go to Mississippi Valley because of Cooley's passion for passing. "Jerry was about 6'1", 180 pounds and ran about a 4.8 40," says Cooley. "You can find that anywhere. But he had those hands. And he had that desire to improve. He still doesn't know how good he is." Cooley pauses and smiles—a very proud SWAC coach. "The big schools may get the blue-chippers, but we make the blue-chippers."

Over the past couple of years Rice has applied his good work habits to weight training and a sprinting program. He caught 30 passes as a freshman and 66 last year. "I just felt natural right away," he says. "Then things just started getting easier." Still, Rice, Totten and the other wideouts usually come to practice an hour early. "We all know each other's moves so well, especially Jerry and me," says Totten, a sophomore who Cooley believes is a better quarterback than

continued

Doug Williams was when he was at Grambling from 1974 to 1977. "When I look for a big play, Jerry will just be there," Adds Richardson, "Jerry is so spectacular, he fires everyone up."

Opponents now tired of watching Rice do spectacular things in games have resorted to desperate measures. "After the play is over, they'll knock me down," Rice says. "They'll talk a lot. But I'm the quiet type. I can control myself."

Rice was under control against 5-3 Alcorn. In fact, Cooley used him primarily as a decoy as the Delta Devils gained 305 yards on the ground and ran for four touchdowns. But with 21 seconds left to play, Totten noticed Rice being covered by a single defender and hit him—wide open—for a 41-yard TD, his 12th scoring catch of the season.

Rice isn't particularly excited about his imminent pro career. He wants to get his degree in technical education, with a speciality in auto mechanics. "I've never really owned a car," he says. "When I get one, I want to get the best."

He should be able to afford it. **END**

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

WEST On the first offensive play of Southern Cal's 30-7 win over Stanford, Trojan Fullback Kennedy Pola, who is named for JFK because he was born on Nov. 22, 1963, took a pitch from Quarterback Sean Salisbury and headed toward his right end. Pola then pulled up and threw 35 yards to Flanker Timmie Ware, who ran the remaining 30 yards for a touchdown. USC led 21-0 at the half despite gaining only 40 yards on 19 rushes. Defensively, the Trojans threw a myriad of blitzes at Stanford quarterbacks John Paye and Steve Cottrell, came up with seven sacks and held the Cardinal to 56 rushing yards in the game.


Cal beat Arizona State 26-24 on Randy Pratt's 38-yard field goal with 48 seconds to play. "We did something we forgot last week," said Golden Bears Coach Joe Kapp, whose team had lost its previous game to USC 19-9. "We blocked." To counteract Arizona State's constant blitzing, Cal used a no-huddle offense for much of the day. That kept the

Sun Devils in their basic defense, but the Bears still allowed four sacks of Quarterback Gale Gilbert, lost two fumbles and had two passes intercepted and a punt blocked.

After trailing Washington 23-3 in the third quarter, Arizona came within a two-point conversion of victory. With the Huskies on top 23-22 and 2:53 remaining, Washington Cornerback Vester Jackson broke up Wildcat Quarterback Alfred Jenkins' pass into the end zone. Jackson had already made two interceptions. One of them set up a field goal, and he returned the other 66 yards for a TD.

UCLA, which leads the Pac-10 by half a game over Washington, beat Oregon 26-13. Kevin Nielson rushed for 131 yards and scored three times to lead the Bruins to their fifth straight victory.

SOUTH Consider the trials of East Carolina. The 6-3 Pirates have lost at Florida State by a point, at Florida by a touchdown and, last week, at Miami 12-7. After the Hurricanes scored the go-ahead TD with 1:04 to play, East Carolina Quarterback Kevin Ingram took five plays to move the Pirates 51 yards to the Miami 31. Two consecutive illegal procedure penalties moved the ball back to the 41. With time for one last play, Ingram threw a pass to the goal



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line. Split End Stefan Adams had the ball for a moment, until his own teammate, Tight End Norwood Vann, ran into him. "I saw the ball in my hands," said Adams. "I knew it was six. Then, as we collided, the ball popped out." Said Miami Coach Howard Schnellenberger, "My heart not only fluttered, it went through the top of my head and into orbit." Afterward Schnellenberger went to shake hands with Pirate Coach Ed Emory at midfield, but Emory wasn't there. Schnellenberger continued to the East Carolina sideline, where he found Emory on one knee staring blankly into space. Said Emory later, "The frustration just adds up. I don't know what it is—maybe we just weren't meant to win a game in this state."

Auburn's 35-23 victory over Maryland was closer than the score suggests. With the Tigers leading 28-17 with 5:19 to play, Quarterback Boomer Eason drove the Terps 80 yards in three plays—the last a 40-yard pass to Russell Davis—to make the score 28-23. After the kickoff, Auburn put together two first downs before Punter Lewis Colbert booted the ball 50 yards to the Terp one-yard line with 38 seconds to go. Two plays later Eason was blind-sided by Tiger End Quincy Williams and fumbled. Auburn Tackle Donnie Humphrey fell on the ball in the end zone for the final TD.

SI TOP 20

1. NEBRASKA (10-0)	1*
2. TEXAS (8-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (8-0-1)	3
4. AUBURN (8-1)	4
5. MIAMI (9-1)	5
6. ILLINOIS (8-1)	7
7. BOSTON COLL. (7-1)	8
8. BYU (8-1)	10
9. SMU (7-1)	12
10. CLEMSON (7-1-1)	13
11. MARYLAND (7-2)	8
12. FLORIDA (6-2-1)	11
13. MICHIGAN (7-2)	14
14. WEST VIRGINIA (7-2)	15
15. IOWA (7-2)	16
16. OHIO STATE (7-2)	17
17. TENNESSEE (6-2)	18
18. PITT (7-2)	—
19. ALABAMA (6-2)	—
20. SOUTHERN ILL. (10-0)	20

*Last week

"What do you want me to say?" asked Florida Coach Charley Pell after the Gators' 10-9 loss to Georgia. "It feels like hell." At one point in the third quarter Florida had out-gained the Bulldogs 338 yards to 97. On the afternoon, the Gators moved the ball inside the Georgia 25 on six occasions but came away with only three field goals. The other three possessions resulted in a missed field-goal attempt and two interceptions. "I just can't say the words 'hanging in there' enough," said Bulldog Coach Vince Dooley. "We just kept hanging and hanging and hanging before we finally turned the tide."

As for the Crimson Tide, Alabama defeated LSU 32-26 despite 344 yards passing by Tiger Quarterback Scott Wickensham. The loss was LSU's fifth this year in conference play without a win.

Because of NCAA sanctions, Clemson cannot appear in a bowl this season. Said Tiger Safety Tim Childers after his team had beaten North Carolina 16-3, "Coach [Doty Ford] told us before the game if we won we would knock them out of the major bowls and maybe out of bowls altogether. So we figured, if we can't go to a bowl, then why should they?" Clemson held the Tar Heels to 111 rushing yards on 35 carries and forced four fumbles and an interception. "We work hard

continued

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for the money." Defensive Tackle Ray Brown said jokingly afterward, celebrating the triumph and hinting at one of the alleged reasons the Tigers are on probation. Asked for details, he replied, "I'm not saying how much, but we work hard for the money."

MIDWEST "I hate this place," said Oklahoma's freshman tailback, Spencer Tillman. "It wasn't a fun time." The place was Missouri's Faunt Field, where the Tigers shut out the Sooners 10-0 and knocked Tillman out of the game with a jammed neck. "We don't have a lot of nice guys on defense," said Missouri Defensive Coordinator Mark Heydorff. "They like to get physical." The Tigers had five sacks and limited Oklahoma to minus-seven yards rushing in the first half and 91 in the second. Said Heydorff, "It used to be you'd see OU on the side of their helmets and you'd say, 'That's it.' Well it isn't that way anymore."

Patt's strategy against Notre Dame was to run Tailback Joe McCall over 6' 5", 275-pound Left Tackle Bill Fralic, who's known to his teammates as Bull. "There are no words to describe what it's like to see him leading the way," said McCall, who picked up 116 yards in the Panthers' 21-16 win.

Ohio State smothered Indiana 56-17 on four touchdowns by Tailback Keith Byars. "The Buckeyes had two backs as big as our

linemen," said Hoosier Coach Sam Wyche, who announced that he wasn't, as rumored, planning to take the head job with the Houston Oilers. "I have a job to do here, and I intend to do it."

Kent State ended the nation's longest major-college losing streak at 21 with a 37-13 victory over Eastern Michigan. At the other end of the Mid-American Conference standings, unbeaten Toledo defeated Western Michigan 20-16. Rocket Cornerback Mark Brandon, who's a walk-on, picked off a pass to increase his Division I-A-leading interception total to nine.

SOUTHWEST "A miracle is something from God that drops out of the sky," said Baylor Coach Grant Telfair after the Bears' 24-21 defeat of Arkansas. "We ran for 217 yards and passed for 326 and made 34 first downs. Buddy, this isn't no miracle." Still, with the score tied 21-21 in the fourth quarter, the Razorbacks missed two field-goal attempts, from 14 and 33 yards, and lost a fumble on the Baylor 19. And on the last play of the game, Bear Kicker Marty Jimmerson booted the winning three-pointer from 24 yards. Baylor used three quarterbacks—Cody Carlson and Tom Muscoe on alternating possessions, and Allen Rice coming in to run the option in short-yardage situations—to rack up more yards

(543) than any team has produced against Arkansas in seven years.

Texas edged Houston 9-3, but the Cougars' stunning defense scored a coup in holding the Longhorns to 98 total yards and three field goals. "Everything we tried they seemed

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Princeton Quarterback Doug Butler, a sophomore, completed 32 of 53 passes for 469 yards and three touchdowns and had only one interception as Princeton rallied to beat Lafayette 41-33.

DEFENSE: Missouri Tackle Robert Curry, a 6' 3", 263-pound junior, paced the Tigers to a 10-0 victory over Oklahoma with eight tackles (including two for losses), a pair of sacks and a fumble recovery.

to anticipate and had the right defense called," said Texas QB Todd Dodge, who completed two passes to his teammates and three to his opponents. Said Longhorn Guard Kirk McMunkin, "We'd come back to the huddle shugging and asking what went wrong. I really didn't know what was happening."

EAST "Sometimes a tie is like a loss," said Harvard Coach Joe Rezac after his team's 10-10 draw with Holy Cross. "Other games, a tie is like a win. When a team is undefeated and playing as well as they have, I can only look at it one way." Going into the game the Crusaders were 8-0 and ranked No. 2 in Division I-AA, and their tailback, Gill Fenerty, had been averaging 122 yards on the ground. But the Crimson, aided by a muddy field, held Fenerty to 60 yards on 14 carries before knocking him out of the game with a bruised right shoulder early in the third quarter. "Very frustrating," said Fenerty afterward.

Dartmouth's Joe Yulica is another coach who was content with a tie. Trailing Columbia 17-14, the Big Green was at the Lion 15 with time for one last play. Yulica elected to go for the field goal, and Kicker Craig Solzberger converted from 32 yards. "At that point," said Yulica, "we're talking about a conference championship. A tie in a league game beats the heck out of losing."

Scouts from four bowls, Citrus, Gator, Peach and Sun, were posing out lapel stickers at West Point as Boston College defeated Army by the merciful score of 34-14. "We don't try to run it up and impress people," said Doug Flutie, who left the game after throwing for 258 yards, four touchdowns and a 34-0 lead in only 295 quarters. Princeton upset Lafayette 41-33 on the heroic passing of Doug Butler, the heroic receiving (13 catches for 216 yards) of Derek Graham and three heroic fourth-quarter interceptions by Tiger Defensive Back Eric Robinson.

"Their campers shocked us more than their team," said Brown Fullback Steve Heffernan after the Bruins lost 38-21 to Penn State before a crowd of 75,000 at Beaver Stadium. "We get about two at Brown; there were scores here." The *Brown Daily Herald* Columnist Dave Dornstein noted, "Our cheerleaders run around like maniacs; theirs look like they're invading Grenada."

"We're tickled pink that Brown thought enough of our program to come here," said Nittany Lions Coach Joe Paterno, a 1950 Brown graduate, before the game. "It assumes that grin, big-time football image we have." That image was further assuaged by the Bruins' performance on the field. The Lions' offense had planned to run through the middle, but Brown's gambling defense forced it into end runs and passes. The Lions were also supposed to shut down the Bruin attack, ranked only fourth in the Ivy League. Instead, Brown gained 410 yards, 60 more than it did against winless Yale. The Bruins had no regrets about the outcome. "If you were a flute player and you got a chance to play for the New York Philharmonic, you'd take it whether you were good enough or not," said Middle Guard John Daniel. "It was like a tie, except better." Said Heffernan, "In a tie, no one's happy. This feels like a win."

GRINNING AND BEARING



Paterno was "tickled" to play the Bruins.

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CHEVY TOUGH IS TAKING CHARGE

by Terry Todd



That the U.S.S.R. and other Eastern bloc countries dominate the sport of weightlifting isn't what you'd call news, but that fact was never more dramatically demonstrated than it was at the World Weightlifting Championships, which ended on Oct. 31 in Moscow. World records fell like wheat before the sickle to the Soviet strongmen and their stocky clones from neighboring Eastern European countries. Indeed, as International Federation of Weightlifting President Gottfried Schödl of Austria said, "This championship has produced 23 new world records, a world record for world records."

As weightlifting in the U.S.S.R. and its satellites has waxed over the last 30 years, in the U.S. it has waned to an extreme, and the differences between the Soviets and Americans were never so starkly apparent as in Moscow. The U.S. performance was so dismal as to be almost baffling.

Each country may enter 10 athletes, and the U.S.S.R., of course, had a full complement. The U.S., still reeling from the loss of its No. 1 lifter, Jeff Michels, suspended from competition for two years for testosterone use at the Pan American Games, entered only eight: One U.S. lifter went home before the competition began—his wife was having a child—and the Americans were without a 114-pound representative because no one qualified for the team.

Of the 10 Soviet lifters, each had at least one successful snatch and one successful clean and jerk, now the official lifts. The seven remaining Americans, attempting much lower poundages than their U.S.S.R. counterparts, all failed to complete one or both of the required lifts—a fiasco so stunning it seemed possible that Michels' suspension had rendered the Americans so fearful of drug testing on foreign soil that they deliberately didn't make the two-lift totals to avoid possible tests. Says the angry president of the U.S. Weightlifting Federation, Murray Levin, "If we find that any of our people, lifters or coaches, were involved in a decision to purposely fail, those people will be removed from the

sport. We will not kill our athletes in an attempt to produce champions." In any case, simply stated, the Soviets were successfully lifting heavy weights and the Americans were failing to lift light ones.

There's a great irony here. One of the first thawings, in the 1950s, of the U.S.-

continued

How low can you go?

For the Soviets, the worlds were a triumph, but for the U.S., the pits



While Pitsarenko (top) soared to a snatch record and the superheavyweight title, Ken Clark, the U.S. 220-pound entry, and his countrymen barely got off the ground.

U.S.S.R. cold war was a trip in 1955 to the Soviet Union by a group of American weightlifters. Their first stop was a competition held outside in Gorki Park in Moscow. Though it rained that day, 16,000 Muscovites turned out to witness the international debut of 22-year-old U.S. heavyweight Paul Anderson, whose physical appearance, no less than rumors of his unprecedented strength, had all of Moscow agog. Anderson was only 5'10", but his mesodomic bone structure car-

ried over 340 pounds. His hair was a mop of unruly black curls, and his gait a swinging roll made necessary by his 36-inch thighs. He was quite a sight.

He was opposed by Alexei Medvedev, a young Soviet who opened their competition with three successful lifts, the last an overhead press of 325 pounds. Then it was Anderson's turn. For several minutes there was no signal from the U.S. coaches. Finally, as the crowd was beginning to worry that perhaps Anderson had injured himself in warmup, he called for an increase to 402 pounds—an amount over

the world record—for his first attempt. Medvedev, now a top Soviet sports official, says, "I will never forget that day Anderson lifted the bar easily to his chest and pushed it over his head as if he lifted feathers, not iron. The crowd was totally silent for perhaps five seconds and then roared as I have never heard before or since. He was proclaimed a *chudo parodiy*—a wonder of nature."

Spurred by the ignominy of the Gorki Park defeat, the Soviets increased the resources devoted to weightlifting that enabled the U.S.S.R. to establish a superiority in the sport it has never relinquished. Meanwhile, the U.S. went into a prolonged decline that culminated with this year's Moscow audience sitting in embarrassed silence while the Americans displayed ineptitude.

Drug testing was of course done in Moscow, and the results were all negative. According to IWF officials, these were the same tests that were performed at the Pan Am Games, which suggests that Eastern European sports scientists have developed ways to beat the tests, or that Soviet bloc athletes aren't using steroids and other illegal ergogenic aids, or that the officials in charge of the testing simply ignored any positive results in the interest of protecting the sport's reputation. That rep wasn't enhanced when four Canadian weightlifters were caught at Montreal airport upon their return from Moscow with 22,515 capsules of anabolic steroids and 414 vials of testosterone, which the lifters said they'd bought from Iron Curtain athletes.

Regardless of where the truth may lie on the complicated drug issue, the lifting itself at the championships was simply splendid. Among the lighter classes the 123-pound division shone, as two men, or, more accurately, one man and one boy, exceeded the world record for total scores. The victor, Oksan Mirzoyan, 22, of the U.S.S.R., had to clean and jerk 363 pounds, for a total of 645, to edge past the minutes-old record total of 639 just established by Naim Suleimanov, a Bulgarian who's all of 15 years old.

Because of its muscle mass requirements, world-class lifting was thought to

be immune to the sort of teenage onslaught seen over the last decade or so in other sports, but Suleimanov is only the most startling example of a current downward trend in the ages of the world's leading lifters. In 1975, only two of the best 300 were under 20, whereas now the figure is closer to 25.

Some veterans, however, did prevail in Moscow this year, including Yurik Vardanian, 27, who was followed from his home in Armenia by enough fans to fill six Aeroflot jets. Vardanian, a four-time world champion who late in 1981 had suffered serious back and leg injuries, made the trip worthwhile—and also confounded the experts—by winning his fifth world title, this time in the 181-pound class.

Another stellar display was given by Viacheslav Klovov, a 24-year-old physical education student. Lifting in the 242-pound class, he set four world records, the most outstanding his majestic final clean and jerk of 545 pounds, more than 300 over his own bodyweight.

In the superheavyweight competition, the Soviets have moved all the records well past those that had been set by the old, enormous and still beloved master, Vasily Alexeyev. And these modern-day superheavyweights are in the 270-pound range, not the 360 or so that Alexeyev weighed. With six men who had broken at least one of the world superheavyweight records within the year, the Soviet coaching staff, led by 4' 11" Alexander Preleppin, was in a no-lose position. Even so, the U.S.S.R. chose well to name to the team Anatoli Pisarenko and his only recent conqueror in major competition, Alexander Kurlovich, who defeated the Bull of Kiev earlier this year at the Spartakiad.

This time Pisarenko, 27, got sweet revenge by outsnatching his 22-year-old rival and establishing a world record of 455 pounds. The 273-pound Pisarenko went on to beat the 273½-pound Kurlovich in the total.

After the competition, Pisarenko answered a Soviet journalist who asked if it was bothersome to have the smaller men lift proportionately so much more by saying that although a goat's strength was indeed fascinating, people's true interest still lay in elephants.

Virtually all the sport's elephants, and the other weight classes, too, reside in the U.S.S.R., and the U.S. is no more annoying to them than a goat.

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by Pat Putnam

C oach Chuck Knox likes to tell people that his Seattle Seahawks are a long way from where he wants to take them, but, he adds begrudgingly, they do seem headed in the right direction. Take last Sunday, when the Seahawks pointed their face masks straight at the Denver Broncos, who then had the seventh-best defense in the NFL, and piled up 399 yards of offense—a nicely balanced 216 in the air and 183 on the ground—on their way to a 27-19 victory. That win moved Seattle into a tie for second with Denver in the AFC West, at 6-4, one game behind the 7-3 Raiders. By the by,



Krieg, from Milton College, has replaced Zorn behind Seattle's rebuilt offensive line.

Flying high on the ground

Coach Chuck Knox's running game has Seattle's Seahawks taking wing

Seattle had twice beaten the Raiders in the last month.

If all this sounds familiar, it should. Take the snap and drop back 11 seasons to 1973, when Knox, in his first head-coaching role, arrived in Los Angeles to take command of the badly flagging Rams. Fourteen games later, reconstructed L.A. was 12-2 and had won the first of five straight division championships under Knox. Nothing fancy; just hard-nosed conservative football—too conservative, it would turn out, for Carroll Rosenbloom, then the Rams' owner. Exit

Knox after the 1977 season with a 54-15 record.

Now cut upfield to Buffalo, where in 1976 and '77 the Bills had won only five games. With Knox at the controls, the Bills won five times in '78 and seven in '79, and in '80 topped their division with an 11-5 record. But financial storm clouds were gathering: Bills' owner Ralph Wilson and his money were not easily parted. Good players got away; others, such as Running Back Joe Cribbs, were unhappy. Buffalo went 10-6 in '81 and dropped to 4-5 in '82.

So, when the troubled Seahawks called an audible, Knox was ready and willing to carry the ball. He immediately closeted himself with a projector and reel upon reel of past Seahawk games. When he emerged several days later, he announced that Seattle's most pressing needs were: 1) a strong running back, 2) help on

the offensive line and 3) players who could provide leadership.

Knox's philosophy is that if you can't run the ball, you might as well not play. Last season Seattle's top rusher, Fullback Sherman Smith, who's now with the Chargers, ran for only 202 yards. Hence Knox's No. 1 priority, which was taken care of when the Seahawks traded up from the ninth spot in the first round of the draft to the third and took Curt Warner, the 5' 11", 205-pound All-America running back out of Penn State. Against Denver, Warner ran for 134 yards, giving him 889 this season—94 yards more than the entire Seattle running corps got in '82.

The lack of leadership and skilled muscle on the offensive line was remedied by trading draft choices for 6' 5", 242-pound Guard Reggie McKenzie, an 11-year veteran from Buffalo, and 6' 3", 252-pound Center Blair Bush, a five-year vet from Cincinnati. Tight End Charlie Young, who two years ago was named by the Super Bowl champion 49ers as their most inspirational and courageous player, was signed as a free agent.

No one in Seattle was sure what to expect from Denver. After a shaky, 2-3 start behind Quarterback John Elway, the \$1 million rookie from Stanford, the Broncos had given the ball back to 29-year-old Steve DeBerg, who better understood Coach Dan Reeves's highly sophisticated multiple offense. From that point, they had won four straight and

continued



Warner ran for 134 yards, his best showing as a pro.

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Phrased any way, it comes out as the boredom of the technocrat. Which is precisely the point: Bore your intellect to death and it'll never dream you're the type to buy a car for the kicks.

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3.

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back seat is that it flips down to make 56.5 cubic feet of luggage space (53.0 in the 4-door model). Which, not incidentally, is more than you'll get from a BMW, Audi, and Volvo combined. Combined? Combined. (How is that possible? Aren't those other cars supposed to be big cars?)

4.

Extras. Or rather, the fact that on the Saab 900 Turbo, most aren't. Such features as electrically operated windows, central door locking, aluminum alloy wheels, Pirelli tires, sunroof, and air conditioning are all included in the base price. Plus one of the best radios around.

5.

Safety. Passive safety: the construction. Active safety: the handling, the braking, and the acceleration of the Turbo itself.

6.

Snow and rain and hail and gloom of night. You handle the first three with Saab's front-wheel drive. Not front-wheel drive that suddenly appeared on a Saab after an exhaustive marketing study. Rather, front-wheel drive that was originated by Saab back in 1949. And refined and refined and refined and refined and refined ever since to give you quick, precise steering in any weather.

As for gloom of night, Saab has a more recent innovation:

side guidance lights. When you signal for a turn or go into reverse, they illuminate alongside your car.

7.

Kudos. Maybe you couldn't care less how many times the Saab 900 Turbo was named the best this or that by the buff books.

But The Times? The stately New York Times? Surely you care what The Times said. It said: "A well-used '67 model was the first Saab I ever knew, and it was a case of love at first sight. . . . Now I am in love again, this time with the Saab Turbo."

8.

Warmth and comfort. The toastiest Saab feature is indisputably its heated front seats. This is not solely to make you feel good, however. Studies have shown that a warmer winter driver is a more alert driver, too.

The seats themselves are orthopedically molded for back support and dished inward for lateral support. As *Rallye* magazine said, "One could drive a 900 Turbo all day long and walk out of it refreshed, like you had only driven across town."

Speaking of drives across town, you could take one right now in the Saab 900 Turbo.

Then the above list will either be of great help while you rationalize your decision, or no help at all because you'll buy a Saab just because it feels good.

*Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: 21 EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Saabs range in price from \$11,170 for the 900 3-door 5-speed to \$27,400 for the 4-door 5-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.

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surprisingly, were tied with the Raiders for the division lead.

Denver came into the Kingdom with six victories, but study these names: Cliff Sautt, Mike Pagel, Gifford Nielsen, Turk Schonert, Ed Luther and Bill Kenney. Those were the quarterbacks the Broncos had faced when they had beaten Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Houston, Cincinnati, San Diego and Kansas City.

Those were almost as big mismatches as throwing Elway into NFL battle with Reeves' Dallas-styled playbook. Complicated? You bet. Even the simplest Bronco play can be run out of any of 40 different alignments.

"John's biggest problem," Reeves said, "was I'd send in a play and then he'd have to call the formation. It was all strange to him, like a foreign language. He had to call it, get up to the line and get it off, all in 30 seconds. He didn't have time to look at the defense; everything was a blur. He couldn't call an audible. Everybody knew he was having trouble. They came after him with some stuff even I couldn't recognize. But in the last four weeks John has come a long way. He's been able to learn a lot on the sidelines." Little did Reeves suspect that against Seattle he would have a chance to see just how much Elway had absorbed in his four weeks as a spectator.

Seattle started Dave Krieg at quarterback ahead of the slumping Jim Zorn for the second straight week, and proved it could drive the ball against Denver's defense in the first half. But after 30 minutes, all the Seahawks could show for their 239 yards was a 6-3 lead. Then Seattle's specialty teams took command. As Denver's Zack Thomas was gathering in a Seattle punt on his own 14 early in the third quarter, he was punted from the ball by a savage hit by Dave Brown. Seattle's Shelton Robinson covered the ball and Krieg promptly hit Steve Largent on a post pattern for a TD and a 13-3 lead.

Facing fourth-and-19 at their own 24-yard line on their next series, the Broncos sent Luke Prestridge back to punt. In faced Seahawk cornerback Kerry Justin, and Prestridge, fearing his boot would be blocked, tried to run for the first down. Eric Lane dropped him at the 30. This time Krieg called a play action pass and hit Wide Receiver Paul John, who made a superb catch in the end zone.

Suddenly, not even four minutes into the third quarter, Seattle led 20-3.

Near the end of the period Denver,



DeBerg said later, "but the shoulder was hurting so bad I didn't even think I could do that."

Elway took over on Denver's next offensive series and quickly proved that his time on the sidelines hadn't been idly spent. He completed three of five passes for 48 yards and moved the Broncos to the Seahawk 26. From there Karlis kicked a 43-yard field goal.

Then after Seattle had seemingly put the game out of reach on a 10-yard scoring run by Krieg, which pushed the score to 27-12, Elway got Denver moving again. This time he took the Broncos 73 yards in 11 plays, the last a 25-yard pass to Wide Receiver Steve Watson in the end zone. That made it 27-19. But Elway

Elway proved he'd been learning on the bench when he rallied the Broncos with a 25-yard scoring pass to Watson (below).




showing considerable character, drove 72 yards to score, with the touchdown coming on a one-yard run by Sammy Winder. That made it 20-9—Rick Karlis missed the extra point—but on the drive the Broncos lost DeBerg for at least six weeks with a shoulder separation. DeBerg was hurt two plays before the score, when he was hit just as he lofted a pass over Wide Receiver Rick Upchurch's head in the end zone. As he fell, DeBerg jammed his left (non-throwing) shoulder into the Kingdom's artificial turf. On that down, Seattle was called for pass interference and the ball was placed at the one. "I stayed in for two more handoffs,"

still wasn't done. Getting the ball back at the Denver 35 with 3:39 to play, he guided the Broncos to the Seattle eight, completing four passes en route. There, Denver stalled and lined up for a field goal, figuring that an onside kick could put it in position for the winning TD. But Karlis missed the 26-yard chip shot, and the Broncos never got another try.

Said Elway about the multiple offense that had put him on the bench, "I'm liking it more and more. Now I can see the big picture. Before, I was memorizing it. Now I'm learning."

But so are the Seahawks. They're learning how to win.



This 1983 American expedition was well prepared for its ascent, without oxygen tanks, of the world's highest peak, seen here at

Mount Everest

nightfall from the party's base camp at 17,200 feet. But would the climbers be ready to deal with failing to reach their rarefied goal?

by Gale R. Russell



Pure And Simple

CONTINUED



Ice screws like this kept our fixed ropes firmly in place.

I was on Mount Everest for 50 days before I felt real fear. It came suddenly while climbing a stretch I'd already been up and down eight times. Blood rushed through my head as I looked between my legs down a white wall that dropped thousands of feet to a glacier.

Looking down in itself didn't bother me. Twenty-seven seasons of mountaineering has conditioned me against freaking out simply because I am on the middle of a sheer wall. Just under my skin, however, I have the instinctive fear that all humans share: not a direct fear of heights as many of us wrongly suppose, but a more basic fear of being out of control in any potentially dangerous place. Confidence in technique and equipment assuages my fear on Everest, just as confidence in pilot and craft calms most people's fears in a 747 at an altitude even higher than the mountain's 29,028 feet.

What made me feel out of control at this moment was a tiny piece of ice, no larger than a dime. In all other ways I was surprisingly comfortable. Even at 22,000 feet, my state-of-the-art insulated climbing suit kept me as warm as I would be in my living room in Berkeley, Calif. I was carrying a heavy pack, but my breathing had been normal at rest—until I realized what that ice chip could do to me.

I was following 7,000 feet of rope fixed securely to the mountain's west shoulder by long screws in the ice. With the aid of a pair of mechanical ascenders, I held the rope



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GALEN ROWELL



At 22,000 feet, skier/climber McKinney held his own.

like a handrail as I moved upward one slow step at a time. The ascenders were designed to slide up with ease, but under the slightest downward pressure they would lock. Suddenly the upper ascender slipped, and I found myself dangling from my waist harness a few feet lower than I had been. The lower ascender had held me. Looking down to where I might have fallen, I resisted an urge to panic.

Seeing that ice had formed on the ascender's metal teeth, I took my hands out of my gloves and scraped them clean with a ball-point pen and a toothbrush. Minutes later the same ascender slipped again, and I toppled over backwards with a scream. Again, the lower ascender held.

Ice was building up on the ropes, something that hadn't been happening before. For almost two months the snowfalls had come in the form of dry, cold powder that didn't stick to anything, and the mountain had been in perfect climbing condition, with its ribs of dark rock and blue ice always exposed. On May 8 it had changed overnight. One storm iced Everest over like a wedding cake, and this time no amount of wind blew it clean. Ropes, camps, rock and ice were buried. The storm was a forerunner of the monsoon, a seasonal wind that in the summer months blows rain clouds from the warm Indian Ocean toward the Hima-

continued

Using the fixed rope at 21,000 feet on the West Ridge, Moonb moved up to Camp III.

Mount Everest

continued

laya, where the clouds freeze and drop heavy blankets of wet snow. When the monsoon hit with full force Everest would be out of condition for climbing until September.

My fear increased in direct proportion to the the ice buildup inside the ascenders. Each slip stripped me of my peace and comfort. My heart would pound and I would gasp for breath. My fingers would go numb trying to clean the devices. Warmth and confidence would return as I began climbing again, only to instantly disappear with another slip.

My perceptions became attuned to a bizarre rhythm. After each cleaning, I set



Before the Great Yak War, this heavily caravan carried gear parway up the Rongbuk Glacier. Differential melting caused the "table" at left.



out into the great silence of high altitude, a blue and white world so intensely beautiful that just to glimpse it seemed to justify all privations. But as the ascenders iced up, my apprehension let this pure beauty dissolve into a grotesquely twisted landscape, unfit for human life.

I had come to Everest with 16 other climbers in March, just when the peak was emerging from the deep cold and high winds of winter. Today only four of us were left on the upper mountain. Two men—Jack Tackle and Dr. Robin Houston—were in Camp V at 25,000 feet, waiting to make a last-ditch effort to finish climbing the mountain before

the monsoon. Kim Schmitz and I were moving up to join them.

I was the climbing leader of the 1983 American Everest West Expedition. Our goal was a completely self-contained as-

cent of the difficult Direct West Ridge. We had no native porters, no motors of any kind, no bottled oxygen.

One reason for this style was evolution: the more known about Everest, the less needed to climb it. Another reason was sportsmanship: a voluntary limitation of tools to deal with nature, not unlike that in bowhunting. We believed that breathing the thinnest air on the earth's surface was part and parcel of Everest's challenge.

Oxygen does have undeniable health and safety benefits. Without it, climbers at great heights become like sick men walking in a dream. When Everest was first climbed by Sir Edmund Hillary's expedition in 1953, using oxygen, two physiologists with his team dismissed the debate over using oxygen as a "futile controversy." The mountain was finally conquered with its use, and they concluded: "Oxygen undoubtedly reduces the mountaineering hazards and greatly increases the subjective appreciation of the surroundings, which, after all, is one of the chief reasons for climbing."

Kim Momb, a member of our expedition, explained his own choice: "I've got a close friend who climbed Everest in 1981 using oxygen above 24,500 feet. When we were together on another high peak, he told me, 'I've always felt I could get to the top of Everest without oxygen.' But he doesn't know. He doesn't know if he could have made it under his own lung power. For me the

continued

Craig's reading showed the intellectual side of the expedition leader and think-tank director.



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BUILT FORD TOUGH



Mount Everest

continued

mountain is my challenge to myself. I'm pretty sure I'm physically strong enough. I'm interested to learn if I'm mentally strong enough. The most intriguing thing about this whole deal is to learn what your mind can make your body do."

Momb's favorite climbing partner is John Roskelley, America's most accomplished Himalaya climber and also a member of our team. Roskelley has never used oxygen, yet he has been to the top of K2, Makalu and Dhaulagiri, the world's second, fifth and sixth highest peaks, respectively. He doesn't see Everest as the ultimate achievement. He finds his greatest enjoyment in climbing smaller, previously unclimbed peaks with a small group of friends, but he has been endowed with such a rare combination of endurance, judgment and ability to acclimatize that he feels a mandate from without to try the big ones. "Climbing big Himalayan peaks isn't something I like," Roskelley says. "Let's face it. Dodging avalanches isn't the best way to spend your time. But I'm an American, I'm good at it, and I'm competitive with other international climbers."

Both Roskelley and I have climbed extensively with Schmitz, my partner on the icy fixed ropes. Five of my successful Himalayan expeditions have been with this most unusual man. His triangle torso and wide-set eyes make him appear so much like a comic-strip hero that he once lost out on a chance to model for macho cigarette ads because his looks were judged unreal. His voice, disarmingly gentle and unassertive, doesn't seem to fit him until one sees Schmitz move up a cliff with the easy grace of a dancer. We rarely talk when we climb because we know each other's needs and move at the same pace. Sometimes it feels as if one body is climbing in two places at once. One of the greatest joys of mountaineering is to experience this fragile balance of interdependence and independence.

On the day my ascenders began slipping, as Schmitz and I made our way up the fixed ropes together, seemingly alone on Mount Everest, we saw a red tent 5,000 feet below us at the base of the Khumbu Icefall. It wasn't

ours. We were looking across the Tibetan border into Nepal. Two American expeditions were on Mount Everest at the same time with no intercommunication whatsoever.

Since the storm our Camp III at 22,000 feet had been unoccupied. When Schmitz and I arrived at the site, we found an unbroken slope without even a depression where three tents had been pitched on a level platform. Hours of digging brought us to a collapsed tent eight feet below the surface. Chilled with freezing sweat, we crawled into our sleeping bags at dusk. Then we started a small stove to melt snow for hot drinks and a freeze-dried dinner.

According to schedule, I made radio contact with the other camps at 6 p.m. Tackle had been at 25,000 feet in Camp V for 10 consecutive nights without oxygen. He sounded tired, but he and Houston were game to keep going. In the lower camps people were getting impatient. They wanted us to succeed or fail so the expedition could go home.

Relations between the 17 rugged, individualistic men had been so smooth there had rarely been a raised voice, but now I overheard a climber who had burned out after several stints above 24,000 feet call and advise Camp V from below: "You

guys should quit. You're foolish to stay up and wait for Galen and Kim. Conditions are getting worse, and you aren't going to get anywhere. Galen just wants to get higher than anyone else so that he can write a book about it."

I didn't sleep at all. I wondered if any others thought my motivation was so shallow. What if our expedition ended this way, with Tackle and Houston quitting after the radio call? In the past, I had been crossed off the rosters of several climbs that greatly interested me because, as I later learned, people were worried that having a writer on the inside of the team might result in the divulging to the public of sensitive issues, just as I find myself doing now.

I thought back to the first Everest expedition, which escaped London in 1921 "proud of our success of getting the whole party off without interviews and photographs." The desire to avoid publicity runs deep in climbing, yet there's an eternal conflict between the urge for pure personal challenge and the urge for achievement, defined as "accomplishing something in the mind of another."

Those who go on an Everest expedition know they are entering a public arena that passes judgment strictly on achievement. There's no denying the basic fact that an expedition that doesn't place a member on the summit is judged a failure. If I did reach the top and did write a book, it would indeed further my career. But I saw little difference between this and the situation of the rest of the team. We had all agreed to seek funding for the expedition from television and other media. Whoever got to the top would be, if not a full-fledged celebrity, at least a short-lived American phenomenon.

The multinational scramble to climb Everest is often called the Olympics of mountaineering. In reality, a less Olympian sport would be hard to find. Mountaineering has no rule books, judges, formal spectators or direct competitions. Most of the world's

continued



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Mount Everest

continued



Camp III (above) at 22,000 feet was sheltered enough to afford protection through a relatively minor storm (below), though it all but disappeared under eight feet of snow on May 8.



best climbers never go to Everest. Intent on preserving their private joy, they remain in their Czechoslovakian Tatras, New Zealand Alps or American Yosemite Valley. For those who do want to stand on top of the world, the name of the game is money: You can decide to run a marathon, but you can't just decide to climb Mount Everest.

Challenging Everest is something like building a house. It costs an arm and a leg (or a toe or a finger), takes months to complete and requires a permit in advance. Both 1983 American expeditions started more than two years before to procure their permits through convoluted channels. From Nepal the mountain was booked by Russians, French, Japanese and Canadians for 1982, Germans and Japanese for 1983, Indians, Dutch, South Koreans, New Zealanders and Bulgarians for 1984, followed by Americans, Swiss, Austrians, Spaniards, Britons, Belgians, Canadians and others all the way to 1988. From Tibet the mountain was booked to 1989. It's only a matter of time before someone begins trading in Everest permit futures.

My expedition came into being in 1980 when Don Castle, an economic consultant, was invited to Peking by the deputy premier of the People's Republic to instruct Chinese about American business practices. That year the Chinese had opened mountaineering to Westerners for the first time since 1945. In return for his instruction, Castle asked for a permit to climb Everest from Tibet.

Normal routes on the mountain were sold out, but Castle was offered the West Ridge for 1983 if he could produce a leader the Chinese knew and trusted. I had been on the first American climbing expedition to visit Communist China in 1980, and I accepted Castle's invitation to head up his climb on condition that it would be done with a small group of friends, without porters or oxygen and for as little money as possible.

Our goal was the Direct West Ridge, climbed once from Nepal but never from Tibet. I led the first American trekking group to the Tibetan side of Everest in the spring of 1981, and I had a fine opportunity to reconnoiter the climb. It looked long and technically difficult, but I was happy to see that it lacked the avalanche and icefall dangers that guard other approaches to the peak.

Upon my trekking group's return to Peking, the Chinese gouged us for thousands of dollars of unexpected overcharges. I felt unwilling and unqualified to ever negotiate with the Chinese government again, and I resigned as leader of the Everest climb. Castle asked if I would stay as climbing leader—responsible for on-the-mountain decisions—if we found another overall leader. Bob Craig, our first choice, immediately accepted. At 58, Craig had no expectations of going to the summit, but he had everything we wanted in a leader. Mountain experience: In 1953 he'd reached 26,000 feet on K2 without oxygen. Outlook: He was 100% behind the idea of a self-contained climb. Diplomacy: Creating teams out of diverse individuals was a talent he'd honed as director of a think tank called the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies.

Now, as president of a similar institution in Keystone, Colo., Craig had on his board of directors a man with a lifelong fascination for Mount Everest, Clay Whithead, who also happened to be president of Hughes Satellite Corporation. The two men brainstormed a proposal for a live telecast via satellite from the summit of the mountain. If a network bought the idea, the expedition could be funded in one stroke.

About this time Frank Wells, president of Warner Bros., and Dick Bass, owner of the Snowbird Ski Area in Utah, started looking for an Everest expedition they could join. It was part of their Seven Summits Odyssey, an attempt to reach the highest peak on each of the seven continents in a one-year period.

We soon learned that Wells and Bass had bought into a 1982 Everest expedition led by Lou Whittaker, a noted climber from Seattle. The summit bid failed in part because of the death of a woman climber, Marty Hoey, but Bass and Wells got a good taste of the mountain, reaching 25,000 and 23,700 feet, respectively. Upon returning to the U.S., they began a search for another expedition. Gerhard Lenser, a German climber with a 1983 permit for the standard route from Nepal, agreed to let them join an expedition he was leading.

Meanwhile, the live telecast idea for our team was coming to fruition. We met with ABC-TV personnel in January 1983 in Aspen, Colo. John Wilcox, producer of *The American Sportsman* series, fon-

continued



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died a new three-pound video camera as he talked. "This technology opens up a whole new range of what we can cover," he said. "It's so simple." Like a kid playing with a water pistol, he pulled the trigger and presto! There we were, live and on so self-conscious, on the TV monitor beside him. Our mission was to transmit a similar live signal as we completed our climb. ABC's man-on-the-spot would be team member David Breashears, an experienced cameraman and Himalaya climber.

Then, just before our departure from the U.S. in March, the Chinese government pulled the plug on ABC, denying permission for live satellite transmission "in the interest of national security"; translate that to mean tension over Taiwan and the defection of Chinese tennis player Hu Na to the U.S. were complicating Sino-American relations. Gone was most of our ABC funding, plus the backing of other sponsors apparently more interested in TV exposure than in mountaineering. On March 8 we left for China, eight days late and six figures in debt.

Meanwhile, ABC activated a contingency plan to cover the Bass/Wells expedition from Nepal with Lenser. Breashears had a choice to make. If he stayed on our expedition, he would be an amateur climber on an expedition in deep financial trouble; if he opted for Nepal, ABC would pay him a salary to climb with a video camera. He switched teams, and on March 9 the first members of his group began walking through a part of Nepal as much like Shangri-La as any place on earth. They were in the Khumbu Valley, homeland of the Sherpas, a place no Westerner had visited before 1950. Sherpas have served virtually all treks and expeditions in Nepal so successfully that their name is often mistaken to mean just any mountain porter. They are actually a small tribe in the Everest region that comprises less than 1% of Nepal's population.

On March 16 my team arrived in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Thanks to a road built for the 214-member 1960 Chinese expedition, we motored into our 17,200-foot base camp four days and 460 miles of dirt later.

Sherpas aren't allowed to work in Tibet, and Tibetans make unreliable high-altitude porters. The Communist system channels all payments to the commune

instead of the individual, thus removing the incentive for a porter to take risks or do more than his share. Our solution was to bring seven American "Sherpas," who ended up in an unusual, reversed status. One day I computed that the members of our climbing team who would lead the way had an average income of about \$15,000 per year, while our "Sherpas" averaged more than \$100,000. The

thons. Tackle had been an all-state football player. Jon Revel had been a nationally ranked ski racer at 13. Sieve McKinney has held the world's speed record on skis for seven of the last nine years. (His sister, Tamara, had become the first American woman to win the World Cup just as our expedition left Lhasa.)

Although Everest seemed to loom right above our base camp, it was 12 long



After he reached Camp V at 25,000 feet, Houston saw this premonsoon storm approach the mountain.

difference was not in brainpower or strength, but in how these high-powered individuals had focused their energies.

Another unusual pattern involved athletic backgrounds. Mountain climbers are often loners who have avoided competitive sports, but our team was dominated by exceptional athletes. Either the aura that surrounds the world's highest mountain attracts competitive types, or in our selection process we unconsciously looked for the strong drive inherent in top athletes.

Craig had been a nationally ranked skier until he shattered a leg. Graber, who played tailback in college for Claremont-Mudd, was the team's Most Valuable Player as a senior in 1973. Momb had been a top freestyle skier and a nationally ranked motocross racer. Harold Knutson had won masters-class mara-

air miles and 15 foot miles away. Yaks could haul our tons of food and equipment only some of the distance. Where they would stop depended on us, on our Tibetan yak drivers who spoke no English and on the beasts themselves.

After only one day the yaks halted in front of a four-foot drop onto the jumbled rock and ice of the Rongbuk Glacier. The drivers motioned that this was it. We didn't believe them. They graciously allowed McKinney to try taking the lead yak. He tied a yak-hair rope to its horns, led it to the edge and began to pull with every ounce of his considerable strength. Dave Carman joined him, while I jabbed the animal from behind with ski poles. The yak held its ground like a half-ton terrier, resisting the forces that were seemingly moving it inexorably toward the brink.

continued

We were winning until the rope broke. Men flew backward onto the ice. Carman yelled, "My finger is dislocated!" Almost in one motion Mike Graber jumped onto the glacier, grabbed Carman's finger and yanked it into place with surprising force. "To be an orthopedic surgeon," he announced with a twinkle in his eye, "you have to be able to bench-press twice your IQ."

The loss of The Great Yak War forced us to become the yaks. For the next two weeks we undertook the task of ferrying loads up the rock-strewn ice while an advance guard of Graber, Momb, Roskelley and Tackle began fixing ropes up an unclimbed arête on the West Ridge.

On April 5, Roskelley and Momb crested the ridge at 24,000 feet. Seven thousand feet of rope were fixed on the face below to facilitate hauling loads. The two men had reached the Tibet/Nepal border, from where they could look down for the first time into the Western Cwm (a Welsh word which means circular depression).

We didn't know that the Bass/Wells team was working lower down in the Khumbu Icefall, a moving river of ice in which crevasses open and close and house-sized blocks of ice tumble without warning. Their six principal climbers had first go at the summit, fixing the route along the way through the icefall and up

the headwall to the South Col at 26,000 feet. After nine spooky days of setting up ropes and ladders, 25 Sherpa porters began hauling loads into the Cwm, while Bass and Wells passed through the danger zone but once.

We were confident that unless something unusual happened we could put at least two men on the top. A summit bid seemed possible as early as April 20, and our chief concern was whether we would be well enough acclimatized to proceed so high so soon without oxygen.

On April 12, a storm, lasting a week, dashed our hopes of an early summit bid. When the clouds finally parted we were glad to see that high winds had kept the snow from sticking. On April 26, we established Camp V at the base of the final rock pyramid. We had 11 men capable of working above 20,000 feet to stock the upper camps, whereas the only successful ascent of the direct ridge, by Yugoslavs in 1979, had utilized 25 climbers and 40 Sherpas, plus oxygen.

On May 3, while Roskelley and Momb were reaching 26,000 feet on the ridge, three of our support climbers packed to leave. One had dysentery and the other two had business commitments. Our manpower was dipping low.

The next morning Roskelley woke up at 5 a.m. at 25,000 feet to tell Momb that he was certain he had pulmonary edema. They were alone in Camp V.

High-altitude pulmonary edema is a spontaneous, often fatal filling of the lungs with fluid. Its cause is still something of a mystery. Both men knew that the only sure treatment was rapid descent. Roskelley's case was advancing so quickly, he had become so weak and uncoordinated, that he was unable to tie his shoes or put on his crampons. Momb helped him to do so, and immediately they started down roped together. A mile and a half of corniced

ridge led to Camp IV, where Tackle, Carman, McKinney and Houston were still in their sleeping bags.

After an hour's rest Roskelley, sandwiched between Houston and Momb, started down the fixed rope. "If it wasn't for the fact that John is so damned strong," Momb told us at 19,700-foot Camp II that afternoon, "he wouldn't be here alive." Once down, Roskelley began recovering very quickly, but it was doubtful that he could go back on the mountain.

That same day on the Nepal side of Everest, Larry Nielson was suffering from intestinal flu. He was unable to keep down food or water, and a toe that had been frostbitten in the 1982 Everest attempt with Whittaker had ulcerated. Stated for the first summit team of the Bass/Wells expedition, he started moving up a camp a day. On May 7 he was one of five men going for the top from the South Col. He and a Sherpa, Ang Rita, were without oxygen while the other three, Peter Jamieson, Gerry Roach and Breahears, were using it.

At 27,000 feet the three men on oxygen were up to their thighs in snow, taking turns breaking trail. Rita, carrying both his own gear and Nielson's, was unable to make progress in the lead, even after he divided his load among the others. Nielson, who had been moving much slower than Rita, never tried to lead. The night before, he still hadn't been able to keep down food or water. Coughing fits had injured two of his ribs. His ulcerated toe had bare bone exposed. To add to these troubles he began coughing up quantities of fresh blood from what was later diagnosed as a pulmonary embolism. Yet he kept going.

Four of the climbers reached the top at 4 p.m. Nielson dug deep within himself for a final burst and arrived 20 minutes later. Unlike an athlete crossing the finish line, his ordeal was far from over. Breahears recorded Nielson's arrival with a tiny video camera that beamed a microwave signal 15 miles below to a receiving station. ABC technicians sent the image



Schmitz may look weary, but he's the ideal partner for me.





When Roskelley (above, right) awoke with pulmonary edema, Moonb (inset) came down with him first.



to New York for the following weekend's *American Sportsman* by methods that traced the last century of communications history—runner, bush plane and, finally, satellite from Katmandu. The coverage focused on "the first American to conquer Mount Everest without the aid of oxygen." The participants of both 1983 Everest expeditions would return to a world that had quickly defined their experience through that single telecast.

For Nielson, getting down Everest was nearly disastrous. He had already spent 11 hours on the climb from 26,000 feet to the summit; it would be dark in three more. At the South Summit (28,750 feet) he told Roach, "I'm losing it." Shivering from climbing the final hour to the top and back without a parka—Rita had ditched his parka, including Nielson's parka, at the South Summit—he was almost incoherent from hypothermia.

Critical events began to occur one after another. First the climbers on oxygen ran out of it. The five men, roped together, lurched downward like a drunken caterpillar. In calculated frustration, Breashears literally cut the rope and took off ahead of the others with Nielson in tow. "That action saved Larry's life," Roach later said. By this time, Nielson's vision had begun to deteriorate and he couldn't see well enough to choose his path. He hung tight to Breashears' pack to descend a 70-degree headwall and afterward clung to Breashears with every step, ex-

cept to cross crevasses. When they came to a gaping hole, Breashears would carefully line Nielson up and say, "Larry, on the count of three, step as far as you can with your left foot."

Somehow they made it into camp after dark. Breashears undressed Nielson, put him in his sleeping bag and brewed hot liquids for him. For the next few days Nielson staggered down camp by camp, helped by his teammates, until at 18,000 feet a helicopter came to whisk him to Katmandu for a TV interview that was transmitted by satellite to the U.S. from a nation without a TV station of its own.

Meanwhile, our team switched efforts to the easier but more avalanche-prone Hornbein Couloir route, which veered onto the North Face above our Camp V. Graber and Tackle reached 26,000 feet and were ready to set up Camp VI at 27,000 feet with McKinney on the first clear day. Then came the storm that bur-

ied our ropes and camps. McKinney's spirit stayed high, and he managed to post-hole through thigh-deep snow with Tackle almost to 26,000 before the threat of avalanches forced them back. The next day, however, he felt so weak that he reluctantly headed down with Graber, passing Schmitz and myself on the way.

In the morning, Houston and Tackle called from Camp V to say they would continue working on the route, regardless of the previous night's plea to give up. And from below came a retraction of both that plea and the suggestion that I was climbing high just to write a book.

Schmitz and I spent another agonizing day on icy ropes going to Camp IV at 24,000 feet. The wind had crusted the fresh snow, entombing the frozen ropes like buried steel cable. Snow conditions were worse than ever, and the weather looked threatening in the evening. This time the climbers at Camp V didn't sound at all optimistic. High winds had blown one of their tents completely off the mountain. Luckily, no one had been inside at the time.

We might have reached Camp V, or even forced our way into the Hornbein Couloir, but we had no reserves of strength or supplies, and no men in shape to carry more loads high on the peak. I knew the game was up, and the next morning we began evacuating the mountain.

On our last day of climbing, May 14, three more members of the Bass/Wells team reached the top on oxygen from a camp stocked by Sherpas. Jamieson, who reached the summit with Nielson, said, "The whole thing is a dream from which I might never awaken." He and his teammates woke up fast when they got home and saw the videotape shown on ABC.

"Those of us who broke trail the whole time were forgotten," Breashears says, echoing the feelings of his teammates. All three men who led the way for Nielson believe that he would not have made it to the summit that day without their help, much less have gotten down alive.

Nielson thinks otherwise: "Certainly having those guys there helped. I still believe I would have made it without them. I would have had to work harder, but that's O.K.; I would have made the top."

On our team's flight home no one talked of going back. We all seemed satisfied with Everest and big mountains.

continued

Mount Everest

continued

Roskelley would cancel his trip to another Himalayan giant in the fall. Momb decided to decline an invitation to attempt Everest's unclimbed East Face. I wanted to get back to the California Sierra, where I'd find perfect weather, firm rocks and no porter or permit problems.

A climber's memory is a golden sieve through which harsh realities slip away. Today, five months later, I vividly recall beautiful sunrises, but stormy days seem as distant as my childhood. Less than 90 days after our return, Momb headed off to the East Face. His desire to climb Everest simply overwhelmed his qualms about the use of oxygen and the safety of a route that his best friend, Roskelley, had walked away from in 1981.

On Oct. 8, Momb stood on Everest's summit after climbing the hardest route up the peak. He and the other five who reached the top used oxygen. Near the top Momb met five Japanese and two Sherpas from two expeditions climbing another route. Taken by surprise, they gaped at him "as if I'd come from Mars." But not all of them returned.

Two of the Japanese and one Sherpa died on their way down. Some experts speculated that they might have survived if they'd been using oxygen to stave off exhaustion and disorientation on the descent.

I remember Momb's words about that friend who had reached the top using ox-

ygen: "He doesn't know if he could have made it under his own lung power." I didn't either. I had never gotten a real chance to test myself high on the mountain. When news of this latest climb hit the media, I couldn't escape the question: What did I think about the East Face climb? I would answer that I knew the summit climbers and was very happy for them, but as I spoke, I knew I was coping out. My words were true, but my feelings were more complex.

Secretly I would have loved to have been there, moving slowly over virgin ground that had never felt human footsteps before. My beliefs about the use of oxygen and the avalanche danger on the East Face were unchanged, but I knew how easily I could have adjusted those principles in the field.

The Yugoslav ascent of our Direct West Ridge route in 1979 had been a similar solution of one of mountaineering's final problems. Since the Yugoslav success, seven expeditions have failed on that ridge. But if the Yugoslavs hadn't come with oxygen, a giant wench tower and 65 climbers and Sherpas to stock their camps, an unclimbed route might still be waiting for a team, perhaps unborn, that could climb it under its own power with just a few classic tools—ice ax, crampons and ropes.

Was I ready to forget the purity of purpose that had led me to try Everest in

such a manner? My selfish side yearned both to be in the limelight and not to be faced with giving lectures about a failure in order to reduce my team's \$100,000 debt. My expansive side wanted to keep mountaineering the amateur endeavor, founded on mutual trust, that I took up almost three decades ago. Televised Everest climbs have the potential to bring the sport down to the level of Monday Night Football. As of now I'm resigned to not going back to mountains so high that the funding and the hassles of the enterprise surpass the pleasure.

If there is a lasting value to this detailed exposition of simultaneous expeditions, it may be the realization, once and for all, that there is no universal reason why people climb Everest. The most famous answer, "Because it's there," has been quoted as inspiration by presidents, philosophers, men of the cloth and supporters of the space effort. In reality, George Leigh Mallory was a tired, impatient man when he uttered those words in Philadelphia 60 years ago. The British mountaineer was on a lecture tour to raise funds for a third attempt on Mount Everest, one from which he never returned. He wrote home about this nation's unresponsive crowds and pushy reporters, and his closest friends claim that his immortal phrase was a sarcastic answer to a journalist who asked the inevitable question once too often.

END



Although everyone had lost a good deal of weight during the climb, we felt satisfied with big mountains and had no more appetite for Everest.

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Reminiscence

by ROSE EATON

THE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM WAS SO-SO, BUT THE COACH'S MARK WAS INDELIBLE

Cross-country is a reservoir of memory and sensation. It is the sound of labored breathing, the smell of analgesic, crude jokes, bright autumn mornings, teammates, laughter, sweat and spit, pain, disappointment, the devotion of a coach. This is the story of one season.

Sept. 14, 1974. Vanderbilt University, Nashville. This morning we run the first meet of our college season. The weather is still summery, but the freshly cut grass in the park is brown and the leaves on the trees are beginning to bleed yellow. It is early Saturday morning and the park is out of town, so coaches, timers and a couple of girl friends are the only spectators. We jog part of the course together—the seven of us—to loosen up.

"So this Roach guy is good. How good?"

"Eighth in Peachtree this summer."

"Hey, Caldwell, do you know Roach?"

"I saw him at Peachtree."

"Which one is he?"

"The chubby one, with the blond hair."

"The chubby one. He doesn't look very fast."

Caldwell laughs. "Well then, Les, you go out with him. He was leading Peachtree at five miles."

Les grins; he is incorrigible. "He still doesn't look very fast. I think we can beat 'em. Best Roach. What d'you think, Monster?"

Monster—the nickname derives more from his competitive instinct than from his appearance—is the only senior on the team and normally our top runner, but he is recovering from mononucleosis. He mumbles gruffly, and Les jogs over to pacify him.

We come slowly around a field and back to the starting area and gather around Coach. He is a doctor who's connected with Vanderbilt University's medical school and is himself a competitive runner, donating his time to coach

us. He will be 40 this year, but he looks younger.

"How do you feel, Robbie?"

"O.K., Coach."

He watches me for a minute while I stretch. I trained hard over the summer. We both know I should run well today. I hope I do. I know I am thinking about it too much.

He turns to Caldwell. "Are you ready to go, Bill?"

"Yeah, Coach."

"Is that your sister?"

"Yeah, she's a freshman this year."

Coach looks amused; his eyes flash

biage normally heard in preface pep talks.

"Do your best."

We strip off our sweats as we go to the line. The starting gun fires and we're off, stampeding across an open field toward the first turn. The course is flat and grassy and not particularly scenic, but the park is in the country and Tennessee country is beautiful at this time of year.

Cross-country is the most idyllic of running sports. The races, which in college are between four and six miles long, are run on golf courses, trails, neighborhood streets—anywhere except around a track. Landscape is an important part of cross-country.

The start of the race is fast, and Roach is as good as his reputation. He assumes command early, and the rest of us are running for second. Monster is still weak and I make a wrong turn—a "mental lapse" according to Coach—and lose a place I never regain. The two teams tie.

We walk-jog a mile to cool down, then drift back into a circle around Coach. Although we know we should have won today, he seems pleased with our effort. He wants us to build slowly through the season, peaking for the conference meet in November, and today we showed him we're in good base condition. We review the race mile by mile. Coach tells us he'll meet us early in the morning for our Sunday run, and we're back at school by noon.

Our cross-country team was just two years old that fall; he had been our coach from the beginning. (Our first year—my freshman year, 1972—he had funded us out of his own pocket.) We were his team and stamped with his personality. Running was for him more than sport; it was a test of character, a lesson in discipline. Accordingly, he motivated us not with promises and threats, but through personal example and by appeal to that part of ourselves that strives for excellence. He was demanding, obdurate, unrelenting, infuriating and inspiring. We were his team, and we ran more for him than we did for the university.

It is a weekday in late September. We meet as usual, at 3:30, at the entrance to Centennial Park a few blocks west of

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH CARROLL



playfully. "She's cute. . . . Keep Leser away from her."

He leaves us to talk to the other team's coach. It is close to race time now and we are quiet, collecting ourselves for the effort ahead. We know that in a few minutes we will suffer excruciating pain, and we know too that this pain is justified only when we run well. These minutes before a race are filled with dread and an exquisite anticipation.

Coach returns and looks at us, one after another.

"Are we ready? O.K. Help each other out there today. Run together. Pack it in. Their top man is good, so let him go."

He pauses. He is not prone to the ver-

campus. Alone and in pairs we jog up, joking, spitting. Coach told us yesterday that we will run hill-zippers today, one of our hardest workouts, so we are talkative and a bit edgy, anticipating the unpleasantness. He pulls up in his Vega a few minutes later and we surround him as he scrutinizes us.

"Les, did you get enough sleep last night?"

"Sure, Coach."

"You still seeing that blonde-haired girl? What's her name? Denise?"

Les smiles, caught.

"I'm telling you. She's just trouble, nothing but trouble." Here Coach looks down and shakes his head with mock solemnity, and we laugh.

He finally tells us in jog the course as a group to warm up. Ten minutes later we are back at the entrance.

"Is everyone ready?"

We nod reluctantly. What we would really like to do is postpone this workout indefinitely.

"Get out of your sweats. Let's go."

The middle third of the mile-and-a-half-long hill-zipper course is a quarter-mile uphill followed by a quarter-mile descent. We run it as a group for the first half a mile, then Mooser—healthy now—pushes it up the hill and we string out. Everyone finishes between 7:50 and 8:20. Breathing hard, we huddle around Coach, who asks us to take our own pulse while he clocks off fifteen seconds. When everyone's pulse is below 100 per minute, which takes four or five minutes, he starts us off again. We do this four times and the workout is over. It takes less than an hour.

After we finish we again surround Coach, who invariably expounds on one of his favorite subjects in his characteristic manner, didactic and uncompromising. His talks vary, but they emphasize the same themes. Coping with pressure. Accepting pain as part of any worthwhile endeavor. Sacrificing to accomplish personal goals. We know he speaks from experience. He put himself through college on a track scholarship, and he continued to run while he was in medical school, later becoming a respected plastic surgeon. During this time he and his wife raised four children, two already teenagers. He is on all accounts a successful man, and he's done it without special privilege. Nevertheless, he's telling me things I don't want to hear. As much as I like him, I resent his prescribing my

Continued



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life for me. I am young and sure of myself.

Still, I scramble for his attention with everyone else on the team. He and Les have a relationship that is like a father to a son, and I am jealous. I wish he knew and cared enough about me to tease me about my girl friend.

Certain incidents from that season and the two that preceded it often come to mind:

Coach driving us to the park out of town for the first time. We have known him a day. We turn onto a busy two-lane road near campus. While we nod agreeably, Coach tells us, "This is the only road in town you need to know. This road goes everywhere. Just remember that." We are freshmen; we believe him. For the next four years, long after we know better, this road, Woodlawn on maps, is known to us only as The Road That Goes Everywhere.

We are at the park out of town. It is late afternoon of a late October day and sunlight flows down the face of the hill. We are finishing a figure-eight work-

out—much like a zipper workout, except that we climb the hill twice during each mile-and-a-half repeat. Because Coach must drive us to the park, we run these on days when he can run with us. He and Monster and Jeff and Caldwell usually finish together. On the last figure eight today, though, Monster has worn down everybody and is by himself at the top of the last hill, 50 yards ahead of Jeff and Caldwell. Coach is lagging another 20 yards behind. The course cuts down through some woods before finishing on a 300-yard, flat, grassy straight. Coming out of the woods Monster has a comfortable lead, but Coach will not let him rest. Furiously driving, he passes Jeff and Caldwell and closes in. Monster hears him coming and kicks, but he can't check the assault, and Coach blows by him 50 yards from the finish.

It is a display designed to impress us, and it does. We often run these workouts as hard as meets. Although we like each other, competition among teammates is intense. We would each like to establish our position on the team, and the only way to do that is to beat other people

consistently, in practice as well as in races. Respect is always earned. Coach knows this, too. He knows that if he is to make a difference we must respect him, we must know he is capable of enduring what he asks us to endure.

We are waiting for Coach. He is even later than usual and we have a meet today with our crosstown rivals. We begin to worry. We have no other means of transportation. We discuss jogging over to their campus, but it's five miles away. Finally his Vega rounds the corner and hurries to the curb. We cram in. He is wearing his operating room clothes.

"I won't be able to make it to the meet today," he tells us. "You'll have to take the car and drop me off back at the hospital. I'm due in surgery right now."

We are driving back from a meet in Tuscaloosa, Ala. Jeff and I are sitting in the cargo seat of the rented station wagon. Coach is driving and lecturing extemporaneously, oblivious of everything except the point he's trying to make. We hear a loud pop, and the car veers toward the right shoulder of the interstate. Coach doesn't notice at first, then com-



WONDERWAG

ments that the car doesn't seem to steer very well. We are quiet for a minute before Jeff offers, "Coach, I think we just had a blowout."

Nov. 9, 1974. We are at a thoroughbred farm outside Lexington, Ky. for the conference meet. The air is warm and dense, and dew soaks our feet and soft ground dampens our steps as we follow a white line stripe across grassy pastures. An hour before race time a large crowd is already milling around the finish line. We decide to jog the course to see the terrain, avoid the people and compose ourselves for the race.

We had driven to Lexington the day before by ourselves. Coach made the motel reservations, gave us travel money, and told us he'd be up as soon as he could get away. He still isn't here. We're beginning to think he won't show up, but we don't talk about it. We need to do well today. A team's reputation is based in no small measure on its performance in the conference meet. Teams that do well here are respected; teams that do poorly are snickered at. We have a respectable

team and have done well in our dual meets, but the last two years we have bombed in the conference, and we want to make amends for that today.

We discuss strategy. Those of us who have no hope of going out with the elite front-runners and staying with them have two options: We can go out at the front of the main pack and hope we can hang onto our places during the last half of the race; or we can go out at the back of the main pack and hope we can move up steadily after the first mile. None of us expects to finish in the top 10 today and, except for Monster, who always goes out fast, we all favor running from the back.

We head toward the starting line. In the distance a man announces over a P.A. system that we have 15 minutes until the start. As we pass the finish area a man calls to us. It is Coach. As soon as I see him I feel a surge of adrenaline. Les asks him why he's late and his answer implies he drove up last night, stayed at the same motel where we stayed, but didn't try to contact us. We wait for him to explain, but he says nothing. His reticence troubles me. (I believe now he avoided us

deliberately. He knew then, although we didn't, that this would be our last race with him as our coach. In his own peculiar way he was preparing us for the separation.) He accompanies us to the starting line, a quarter-mile away. My arms and legs feel heavy, but I tell myself they'll lighten with the start. Through a megaphone the starter asks us to report to the area assigned to our team. We strip off our sweats and go to the line. We are on our own now. We stride out on the course 40 yards—a mock start—then regroup behind the line and, to reassure ourselves, shake hands, touch and wish each other heartfelt good luck.

"C'mon Robbie, let's run tough."

"Yeah, you too, Lester."

"Let's do it, Monster."

The starter calls us to the mark. We take a stance. He calls, "Runners set." We lean forward, poised. Then he fires the gun and we're off.

The start is idiosyncratically fast. The early leader, who is almost never the winner, goes through the first mile in about 4:30. I try to control my pace, to just hang onto the main pack. My legs are still heavy and

continued

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OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

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my arms tight, and the humidity bothers me. I go through the first mile in 5:07, when the effort feels like 4:50. I'm exactly where I want to be, at the back of the main pack, but I no longer feel confident about moving up. During the second mile I have to start making my move, but my legs are tight and my arms tingle with fatigue. The main pack begins to pull away. I curse myself. At the three-mile mark, when the split time doesn't register in my head (so different is it from what I expected), I give up the chase. Nevertheless, I refuse to drop out. Even if I walk I'm determined to finish, to cross the line.

My teammates haven't done much better. It is as if we are all afflicted by the same disease. We are cursed and doomed. Coach watches the finish, turns and walks away by himself. He is disappointed and hurt. He drives home alone. We'll see him only once more.

We should stay for the awards banquet this afternoon, but we don't have the heart for it. We drive back to the motel, shower quickly and leave Lexington as soon as we can.

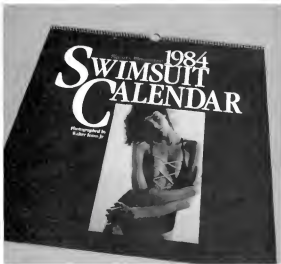
It is later now. Weeks? No, years. For professional reasons Coach moved out of town early in 1975 and I lost track of him. The university eventually hired a full-time coach. Practices changed and new faces appeared. Les, Jeff and I were seniors the following year, but our final season wasn't what it should have been. The joy had gone out of it. We graduated in turn and went our own ways.

I don't know where the time has gone. I wish I could find our coach and thank him for what he taught me. We were so young and unappreciative.

I'm running alone along the trails in the park we used to run in on Sunday mornings. I struggle slowly to the junction at the top of the three-mile hill and pause, surveying the wooded landscape. The day is very still. Behind me, 50 yards down the trail, I hear labored breathing and the clatter of loose rocks under heavy footsteps. I turn and watch a middle-aged man lead a pack of rugged adolescents, sweating and straining, up the hill. At the spot where I am standing they, too, pause. There is talking and laughter. The man stands in the middle of the group, distracted and strangely silent, but after a minute he looks at the boys around him and he seems to smile.

It is a dream I have often.

END



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

HUBIE

Sir:

Thank you for Bruce Newman's article on Coach Hubie Brown (*The Gospel According to Hubie*, Oct. 31). I have watched Brown closely ever since he arrived in Atlanta and turned a mediocre team into a winner. For the past two years I have observed him working enthusiastically with boys and girls at his camps, and I have heard him motivate executives at business meetings. Never has there been a man with more zeal for his work. He continually gives of himself to others and is a credit to the sport of basketball.

I find it particularly interesting that Michael Gearon, the Hawks' president, who put Brown "on the street," has seen fit to hire Hubie's disciple, Mike Fratello, as the team's head coach.

MICHAEL P. FLAHERTY
NORCROSS, GA.

Sir:

Hubie Brown obviously did not have an easy life growing up, but how does he justify his holier-than-thou attitude when judging—and belittling—others, such as Bill Russell? As a fan from way back (1990s), I feel that CBS made a big mistake in replacing Russell on its NBA telecasts this season. History will show who goes down as contributing more to mankind and basketball, Brown or Russell.

RODOLFO BLACK
Toledo

Sir:

I am appalled by the gail of Hubie Brown in attempting to discredit all that Bill Russell has done for the game of basketball and to compound that with his utterly tasteless remark concerning Russell's character.

Russell needs no one to defend him. His contribution to the sport is unparalleled. More than that, his positive influence as a strong-minded, intelligent and extremely articulate person stands as the epitome of a class athlete and a class individual.

I am proud to know Bill Russell and to count him as a friend.

NANCY AUERBACH
Washington

Sir:

Bill Russell's 11 NBA championships, two NCAA titles and Olympic gold medal will be remembered and admired long after the peyorative bleats of a career loser fade away.

JOHN TOWSELEY
North Dartmouth, Mass.

Sir:

Brown teaches people to be positive thinkers, yet he appears to be a very negative person, always saying negative things about fel-

low coaches and players. I guess his philosophy is "Do as I say, not as I do."

THE REV. H. WILLIAM DAMBACH
Upper Buffalo Presbyterian Church
Washington, Pa.

RALPH & CO.

Sir:

In his article on Ralph Sampson (*It's Just a Matter of Time*, Oct. 31) Anthony Cotton asks, "Will Sampson be the big man of the '80s? Or will he be another Chamberlain, with gaudy numbers but little to show for them?"

Wilt Chamberlain has plenty to show for all his numbers. He was one of the most outstanding athletes of all time. Most of Chamberlain's career came during the Bill Russell era, and Wilt and his inferior teams always

had to play second fiddle to Russell and the Celtics. Given that circumstance, Chamberlain needn't take a backseat to anyone. He was the best. For Sampson's sake I hope he can do half as well as Chamberlain.

BILL MUCHNICKA
Olivette, Mo.

"MONDAY NIGHT" QUARTERBACKS

Sir:

Thanks for the article on *Monday Night Football* and its latest flop announcer, O.J. Simpson (TV/RADIO, Oct. 31). Watching the Juice perform as an NFL player was one of the most entertaining activities imaginable, but listening to him stumble over words while broadcasting a football game is less interesting than watching paint dry. After Fran Tarkenton bit the dust, I thought ABC would re-

continued



Now No. 4 on the 1983 money list, Triycarol came home last in her first U.S. race.

RICH FILLY

Sir:

In his tribute to Kelso (*SCORECARD*, Oct. 31) Franz Lidz stated that Kelso's earnings were exceeded only by those of Spectacular Bid, John Henry, Affirmed and Trickyarol. Who the devil is or was Trickyarol? I've followed horses since the time of Zev and Earl Sande, but I must confess that's a new one on me.

DAVE VAN SWEARINGEN
Walkerville, Mont.

• Trickyarol, Venezuela's Horse of the Year last season, is the leading money-winning female horse of all time. The 4-year-old daughter of Velvet Cap and Omers has

won 18 of 26 career starts for a total of \$2,644,516. Until last summer, when she arrived in this country, Trickyarol had raced solely in Venezuela, which is why her record is unfamiliar to many U.S. racers. To be included on the list of top earners, a horse must have started at least once in North America. Trickyarol now has two North American starts to her credit. On Sept. 25 she ended up fifth and last in the first race—a 1½-mile overnight handicap—at New York's Belmont Park. And on Oct. 23 she was eased up and didn't finish the eighth race—the 1½-mile Las Palmas Handicap—at California's Santa Anita Park, where she's currently stabled. —ED

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19TH HOLE continued

slate that just because a player used to put fans in the stands, it doesn't mean his voice is going to put them in front of a TV screen.

PETE BARTA
St. Paul

Sir:

In my opinion O.J. Simpson adds to the game of football and makes watching it more enjoyable. But if ABC wants higher ratings, it should turn out the lights on Don Meredith. He has the kind of charm and personality only a mother could love. Also Howard Cosell. He knows his trivia, and he knows the language, but he just doesn't grow on you.

CARY STANDREDGE
Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

Why the slide? It's simple. Until the NFL and ABC change the starting time of the game from 9 p.m. to 8 p.m., the ratings will continue to decline. Some of the games last past 12:30 a.m., and at that hour I never hear Don Meredith sing. Turn off the Lights, because my lights are already out.

LARRY ROWLAND
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sir:

My wife and I are typical take-it-or-leave-it Monday Night Football viewers. With O.J. added to Gifford and Meredith, we'll take it. With the continuously pontificating Cosell, we'll leave it. For us, it's that simple.

RICK AND JULIE SWENSON
St. Paul

WITS AND ERRORS

Sir:

As an outfielder for the Philadelphia A's from 1925 through 1929, I can assure your readers that it is not unusual for baseball scorekeepers to change their rulings from errors to hits and hits to errors after the game. Bob Fulton's letter (19TH HOLE, Oct. 31) on Ernie Koob's 1917 no-hitter brought to mind a game between the A's and the Senators, with Walter Johnson pitching for Washington. A's Shortstop Chuck Galloway had been awarded a hit on a ball that Washington Third Baseman Ossie Bluege could not handle. That was our only hit until the ninth inning, when I sent a ball to deep short and beat it out for a clean single. When I reached first base, Joe Judge said, "If you hadn't got that hit, the chief scorer was going to give Bluege an error so that Walter would be credited with a no-hit game." Johnson was a favorite at Washington.

We never knew the number of hits and errors sent in by the scorer until the next day.

WALTER E. FRENCH
Lieutenant Colonel, USAF (ret.)
La Jolla Beach, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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A man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a bright yellow raincoat is riding a dark brown horse. The horse is galloping through a desert landscape with rolling hills in the background. The man is looking off to the side, and the horse's mane and tail are flowing. The overall scene is dynamic and evokes a sense of adventure and ruggedness.

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